SAMPLE COPY
1907940LIBRW 14 R
DREW UNIV LIBRARY
MADISON NJ 07940

Together®

FOR UNITED METHODIST FAMILIES

JUNE 1969

RECEIVED

IN THIS ISSUE

Who Speaks for the Church?
Evangelism for Today...And Tomorrow
They Teach Hope for the City

Lake Katakumba, Congo [see page 50]

a churchwide campaign

TOGETHER, Methodism's magazine began in October 1956. CHURCH and HOME, the family magazine of the Evangelical United Brethren, was first published in January 1964.

Now merged for our *new* church, the *new* TOGETHER carries on a long tradition of excellence in religious journalism. Bishop Herman W. Kaebnick says, "TOGETHER in its essential role is a vital ministry of our united church. It is influential in our lives! Form the habit of reading it." Bishop Everett W. Palmer said it this way, "How delighted we are with TOGETHER . . . each issue is replete with stimulating articles and features." "But," Bishop Palmer went on, "the one point where TOGETHER has not reached or excelled expectation is circulation. Others produce it, but we deliver the readers. Circulation is our responsibility."

The Council of Bishops, recognizing the need for more readership in our new church, has endorsed the TOGETHER 69 Emphasis. The Program Council has designated the period of September 28 through November 2 for a churchwide campaign. Everyone is encouraged to subscribe or renew at this time.

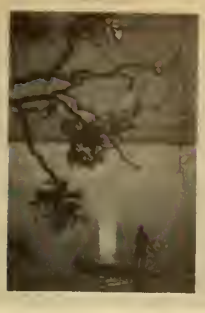
TOGETHER agents and pastors will be mailed promotional materials, churchmen will be asked to help with calls and visits. Church leaders will be reporting campaign results early in November. Help your congregation, district, and conference reach its goal. Offer your assistance to your TOGETHER agent or pastor. Write for advance planning booklet.

Together

a general magazine informative and vital to the religious life of all United Methodists

BUSINESS OFFICE: 201 EIGHTH AVENUE SOUTH, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE 37203

Together



A Congolese bootmon cruises the jungle-hemmed shoreline of Loke Kofokumbo, site of expanded United Methodist missionory octivity since o 13-member Indiano work teom of laymen ond ministers visited there last summer. The story is on poge 50 in this issue.

TOGETHER **JUNE 1969**
The Magazine for United Methodists
Vol. XIII. No. 6 Copyright © 1969
by The Methodist Publishing House
Editorial Office: Box 423, Pork Ridge, Ill. 60068. Phone (Areo 312) 299-4411.

Business, Subscription, and Advertising Offices: 201 Eighth Avenue, South, Noshville, Tenn. 37203. Phone (Areo 615) 242-1621.

TOGETHER is published monthly by The Methodist Publishing House ot 201 Eighth Avenue, South, Noshville, Tenn. 37203, where second-closs postoge hos been paid. **Subscription:** $5 o yeor in odvonce, single copy 50¢.

TOGETHER CHURCH PLAN subscriptions through United Methodist churches ore $3 per yeor, cosh in advonce, or 75¢ per quorter, billed quorterly.

Change of Address: Five weeks odvonce notice is required. Send old ond new oddresses ond lobel from current issue to Subscription Office. **Advertising:** Write Advertising Office for rotes. **Editorial Submissions:** Address oll correspondence to Editoriol Office, enclosing postoge for return of moteriols.

TOGETHER ossumes no responsibility for domoge to or loss of unsolicited monuscripts, ort, photographs.

TOGETHER is on officiol generol periodicol of The United Methodist Church ond continues CHURCH AND HOME, the fomily periodicol of the former Evongelicol United Brethren Church. Becouse of freedom given outhors, opinions moy not reflect officiol concurrence. The contents of eoch issue ore indexed in the UNITED METHODIST PERIODICAL INDEX.

Postmaster: Send Form 3579 to TOGETHER, 201 Eighth Avenue, South, Noshville, Tenn. 37203.

Together®

FOR UNITED METHODIST FAMILIES

IN THIS ISSUE

2 They Teach Hope for the City
Martha A. Lane

8 Evangelism for Today . . . And Tomorrow
Interview with Dr. Joseph H. Yeakel

14 Pointing the Way Into the Arena of Change
Alfred P. Klausler

22 I'd Rather Be Tired
Ruth Esbjornson

23 Who Speaks for the Church?
Harold A. Bosley

26 Unusual Methodists

28 Speech Begins at Forty
Dorothy Clarke Wilson

31 'I Thought You Were an Atheist!'
Color Pictorial

35 What's Wrong With Father
James W. Guthrie

36 I'm Surviving Housewifery—I Think
Beverly Hennen Van Hook

41 So Little One Can Say
Merial Olsson Scott

42 Preach to Me, Preacher
Helen S. Clarkson

43 Left for Dead
Lawrence E. Hodge

50 They Were Missionaries—For Three Weeks
Pictorial

65 Along the Way
Color Pictorial

REGULAR FEATURES

17 News
21 TV-Films
45 Your Faith
46 Letters
54 Teens
57 Books
61 Fiction
62 Small Fry
64 Jottings
64 Illustration Credits

New York's Metropolitan Urban Service Training Facility (MUST-I) was set up late in 1965 for a simply stated purpose: to 'help the churches serve the city.' In less than four years it has developed into one of the most respected and realistic training centers in the country.

MUST's action-training program involves as many different types of groups as there are problems in New York City. Above: Herbert Daughtry hammers home a point to denominational missions executives. Below: MUST Director Randolph Nugent takes part in discussion.

They Teach HOPE for the CITY

Text by **Martha A. Lane**
Pictures by **George P. Miller** and **Charles Lerrigo**

A BISHOP once reportedly told the English statesman Disraeli that "the church would probably lose the city." Disraeli realistically retorted, "Don't be mistaken, my lord, the church has nothing to lose, for she has never had the city."

The church is still trying to gain a foothold in the city, and she might make it in New York—if the Metropolitan Urban Training Facility (MUST-I) is kept alive and growing.

MUST was set up in 1965, when the few "training facilities" in existence seemed to specialize in importing seminarians and naive laymen to a large metropolis, taking them on a shocking tour of slums, skid rows, and other seamy city scenes, and then sending them home with orders to clean things up in their own town.

Results were sometimes encouraging but often frustrating. Slum residents, for example, gained nothing from being stared at, studied, then abandoned by new groups of middle-classers every few weeks. And the laymen and clergy who were inspired to act were not taught *how* to apply what they had learned to their hometowns.

MUST, in contrast, was set up as an on-the-job training program which would have continuity, help New York City's residents (and from other sections of the country when possible), and give each participant "handles" to grapple with problems realistically.

The City: God's Agenda

MUST was the brainchild of Dr. J. Edward Carothers, associate general secretary of the National Division of United Methodism's Board of Missions. It was launched by a $500,000 grant from the board.

Its first director, Dr. George W. (Bill) Webber, left the famed East Harlem Protestant Parish—of which he was a cofounder—to develop MUST's program. He recalls that at first he was "somewhat dubious about the ability of missions boards to allow any significant experimentation or genuine freedom in seeking new paths for urban training."

But both the Board of Missions and MUST's own board bent over backward to allow Bill and his staff—all experts in their fields of seminary education, inner-city ministry, public education, and community organization—to organize or drop programs as they saw fit.

All phases of the 3 1/2-year-old program have been based on these foundation beliefs: that commitment to God finds expression concretely in concern for one's neighbor; that the biblical faith calls men to live responsibly in God's world; that the traditional congregation may become the primary base for Christian action; that "what does the Lord require" must always be considered above "what does the church expect."

The effectiveness of their programs, MUST staffers know, depends not on how much the participants enjoy them but on the degree to which they "become involved effectively in some aspect of the fight for a just society for all men."

In its first two years, MUST concentrated on building a strong foundation based on intensive research into the problems of metropolitan New York City, the training of staff members, experimentation with various program models, and consultations with training experts. But unexpected events—such as the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and the accompanying riots and hatred that rocked the nation—compelled the MUST staff to sharpen its focus. Late in 1967, the staff decided to introduce the theme "Racial Justice Now" into every program possible. The reason: a real part of most major problems in metropolitan New York involved either overt or unconscious racial injustice.

Last fall teachers picketed MUST headquarters, protesting the center's support of community control of schools. Signs accuse George D. Younger, a staff member, of strikebreaking.

Last June, noting that MUST's "initial experimental period is drawing to a close," Bill Webber resigned as director but stayed on the MUST staff until his appointment just this March as president of New York Theological Seminary. His successor was the Rev. Randolph (Randy) Nugent, a young United Methodist minister who

had grown up in New York City and was experienced in inner-city ministry. He had been involved in MUST from its beginning, and was generally recognized as the staffer with "the best-developed planning skills."

There was another logical reason for the selection of Randy, who is black, as director. MUST's New York City Protestant "parish" numbers over 1 million black and 500,000 Spanish-speaking, but only 200,000 whites.

Who Seeks Help?

Perhaps the best way to sense what happens at MUST is to follow the staff through a few days of activities. When TOGETHER did that recently, Randy Nugent and the other staff trainers, typically, were involved in a number of unrelated seminar sessions—all at the same time.

MUST's Dr. Anne Fried was meeting with a group of Missouri Synod Lutheran teachers, pastors, and principals called the Urban School Task Force.

David Ewald, a young Lutheran layman, talked about the group's aims. "We felt that the Lutheran school system, being private and therefore free from many of the hang-ups of public education, and also being Christian and having a motivation and obligation to service, has a real future in the cities," he said. "But we knew we must prepare ourselves to meet the challenges which are beyond our previous training."

Mr. Ewald, for example, has taught fourth-graders in a parochial school in Nebraska but did not feel it prepared him for his present teaching assignment in Mount Vernon, N.Y. "My classroom of 29 students represents 17 different denominations—with only three Lutherans," he said. "Thirteen of the 29 are Negro children."

"What kind of an alternative to public education can we offer in urban areas?" the group asked Dr. Fried at their first meeting. "If there is none, how can we best assist public education?"

Then Dr. Fried outlined how MUST could work with the group. There would be intensive training sessions for the task force—to teach leadership, analysis of community problems, and other skills. There would be meetings with parents, principals, pastors to learn what the people think and want. Lutheran colleges were asked to set up special courses for teachers already working in problem areas, and to develop new curricula and techniques for inner-city teaching.

MUST's education experts are helping the Lutherans understand the issues of New York's public-schoolteacher strikes (parochial schools remained open). From MUST they will also learn Negro and Puerto Rican history, new ways of teaching social studies, and how to respond to the immediate needs of a community.

Simultaneously, a group of white clergymen and laymen in Connecticut had become alarmed about a federal Model Cities program scheduled for their city. Local Puerto Ricans and blacks who knew firsthand the problems of the "target area" had not been asked to help in planning the $5-million project.

The churchmen wanted to know how they could help the minority people gain a voice in the planning, and asked MUST for help. Randy Nugent and two other staff members made the 2 1/2-hour drive to Connecticut to lead the group in an intense weekend of study and planning. Between Thursday night and Saturday afternoon the churchmen learned how Model Cities operates, how community politics function, and how they could take effective action to correct the inequitable representation of community members on Model Cities committees.

As is their policy, MUSTers did not dictate what action should be taken. They did, however, help the group define its beliefs and goals, pointed out the group's organizational strengths and weaknesses, and outlined possible strategies for action.

"We have no prepackaged programs," Randy says of MUST. "Everything is custom prepared—participant centered." He refers to his mode of operation as a "percolation process." By giving group participants a chance to do their own talking and planning (with some guidance from trainers), a solution eventually will be filtered out—provided the group is seriously committed to action and is not just playing games.

Back at MUST headquarters, staff education specialists were preparing for a meeting with Bronx parents concerned about the local school situation. The meeting was organized through the United Church of Christ. In two all-day sessions, the parents would learn how the school system operates, how parents can evaluate the system and have a voice in their children's education.

Programs for Clergy

While special seminars are set up as requests and schedules allow, MUST's seminary programs meet regularly under the direction of Bob Washington.

Programs for seminarians and other clergymen are based on the assumption that traditional seminary courses alone—homiletics, systematic theology, and the like—do not prepare ministers adequately to cope with problems of today's urban ministry.

A Metropolitan Intern Program enables seminary students to live in the inner city for a year, working at secular jobs and taking an active part in local church and community activities, while earning seminary credits.

Jerry Ridling, for example, took a year from formal divinity studies at Vanderbilt to become a MUST intern. He lived in New York's "falling plaster and scurrying rats" district known as East Harlem, working nights as a hospital clerk. He joined Metro North, a citizens group which organized tenants of badly deteriorated buildings. Saturday mornings he tutored a 14-year-old boy who wanted to stay in school. Jerry told MUST:

"Before this year I had begun to feel that the church was irrelevant. Now I've seen a ray of hope."

Semester-long seminars in urban problems bring together students from the Roman Catholic Seminary at Maryknoll, Union Theological Seminary, and New York Theological Seminary to study problems of ghetto youth, the Ocean Hill-Brownsville school situation, and other current crises. The three seminaries co-operate in offering an advanced-degree program for urban pastors.

Many ministers find one involvement with MUST leads to others. The Rev. F. Herbert Skeete, a participant in the degree program, is a case in point. Recently, he had MUST lead a five-week school of missions at his 3,000-member Harlem church. The purpose was to train current and prospective congregational leaders of the

Mrs. Rae Hendrix, MUST's education expert (above left), talks with a Bronx mother about the community school situation. A goal of the parents workshop is outlined on the blackboard. Members of Harlem's Salem United Methodist Church (below) respond to a MUST trainer's lecture on new forms of mission that are required in urban churches. The missions school ran for five weeks.

church's 28 existing, active adult classes—teaching them how to make the classes relevant to contemporary issues.

MUST's nonseminary programs include sessions for Spanish-speaking ministers and clergy new to the New York area. They discuss minority groups in the city, welfare, housing, public education, and the theology of city mission. Workshops on civil disorders draw participants from both white areas and from black ghetto churches—indicating the real desire of churchmen on both sides of the racial fence to work for peace.

The contents of the session are starkly realistic: for example, what to do if you are trapped in a riot area, how to set up a shelter, how to contact police, where to find medical help, what can be expected from Civil Defense units.

'Central Nervous System'

Ironically, the part of MUST's program most important for New York's community areas is the least tangible and the hardest to explain. Staffers call it the Action Training Clearinghouse (ATCH), a term which could be translated "central nervous system."

The system's "brain" is Mrs. Rae Hendrix, an education expert who has been active in New York civil-rights work since World War II.

In proposing ATCH in 1967, Mrs. Hendrix noted that MUST considers the public-school system "the public institution charged with society's most serious responsi-

One of several MUST-sponsored seminary programs brings together students from three seminaries. A tour of Harlem under the leadership of Dr. George W. Webber (center) gives students a visual frame of reference for some of the urban problems they will be discussing in their semester-long seminar.

bility—the education of its youth." So New York City's public-school system became ATCH's initial focus and continues as an area of key concern and action.

ATCH is a two-way communication center. Periodically it publishes Action Training Clearinghouse *Notes*—documents of immediate importance to community leaders, including information on school decentralization, drug addiction, and the like. The *Notes* go on a subscription basis to MUST alumni, clergymen, legislators, mass media, school personnel, and others.

A 24-hour recorded message service, "Communique," keeps New Yorkers informed about crucial meetings, emergencies, help needed, and so on. "Dial-the-action instead of dial-a-prayer," Bill Webber explains it, adding, "That's MUST style. If there's anything going on, you can call up and find out about it quickly."

MUST's attitude toward training people for action is summarized in his description of "Communique":

"The problem of being poor or black is that you've been eliminated from effective political processes. You're dehumanized if you can't exercise your political responsibility. In New York you can get well organized in your neighborhood and you can fight like fury—you might even get a new school building. But if you're operating in a [school] system that's city wide, education in your bright new building is going to be just as lousy and rotten as it was in the old building. It was nice to be able to get organized and fight, but all of a sudden you find that the ball games you are winning are insignificant.

" Communique' exists for these people—so that there can be a feeling across the city that there are people in Bedford-Stuyvesant, and Ocean Hill-Brownsville, and all over who are concerned about public education. When you begin to find out about each other, you get the feeling that it's not totally hopeless to get at the system—that together you might at least bend it a bit."

The "nerves" which gather information for Action Training Clearinghouse are staff members who spend most of their time involved in community groups and getting to know the city's leaders. The ultimate loyalty of these staff people is "not to the institutional maintenance here but to the community," a MUSTer commented. "You don't find many institutions where that can happen."

George D. Younger, a staff researcher, thinks Action Training Clearinghouse is the most active and sensitive part of MUST in dealing with justice to the poor and oppressed because it keeps "a direct line open throughout the year to the pulse of various groups in the ghetto." It also keeps the MUST staff and its programs sensitive to crucial urban issues.

Recognized as Leader

MUST might be an unusual program, but its problems are quite usual for a church-sponsored program. Some people think United Methodist money should be spent in more traditional church work. And the Board of Missions seems to be cutting off its seed money before adequate support is assured from some other denominations. (The board granted $250,000 a year for the first two years, $110,000 for the third year.)

Mrs. Ann Hewitt, an almost full-time volunteer at MUST

Later the same group of seminarians listens to a school principal discuss community control of schools. If one's Christianity is genuine, students learn, it cannot be contained in a church building. Christians must carry love and justice to every part of the workaday world.

since it began, sees other problems, too: staff members spreading themselves too thin; more demands for training seminars than can be filled; difficulty in interpreting MUST's program. "It's hard to explain to your friends—and almost impossible to explain to MUST's enemies," she has found. But she is convinced MUST is necessary. "There are many different directions we can go *if* the church stays behind us," she says. "There are secular ways we could go if the church does not stay behind us." Then she adds quickly, "That's sort of a depressing thought because everyone here wants MUST to be a Christ-centered, church-sponsored program."

MUST's own board members seem aware of its problems, but also are enthusiastic about its progress.

Says Dr. Henry Whyman, chairman of the board's executive committee: "One evidence of its quality is that Randy Nugent has been elected president of a new Action Training Coalition." (The national organization represents 13 urban-training centers across the U.S.)

Another board member who speaks candidly about MUST is Dr. David W. Barry, executive director of the New York City Mission Society.

"MUST has done a remarkable job of going right to the center of the essential problems of urban society," he says. "Interestingly enough, MUST has been accepted by Negro and Puerto Rican church leaders—both lay and clergy—before it has been fully accepted by the sponsoring bodies. As we look ahead, MUST is going to play a very important role in helping the church think through its mission strategy."

Mr. Barry expresses concern about MUST's financial picture. "We need to present the case for MUST to other denominations strongly enough that they will make more serious commitments," he said. "They have not made them at the level that is needed."

Related to this is the fact that the present board is still heavily United Methodist. "This is something we're discussing," says Mr. Barry. "If MUST wants to relate to all denominations, United Methodists should not dominate the board." He estimated that more than half of the board members still are United Methodists—not because they have insisted on it but because the program was launched by the denomination.

Last fall a group called Joint Action in Mission—a group of denominational executives including Mr. Barry—asked MUST to set up a training program that would help them in "making decisions for carrying out joint action in mission in metropolitan New York."

His comments about the six training sessions summarize the entire thrust of MUST and the impact it can make on receptive church leaders.

"We asked MUST how we could co-ordinate our programs, how to set up priorities so that we're not caught in the trap of continuing past projects just because they're there," Mr. Barry recalled.

"Did you get any answers?" we asked.

"We found the handicaps were within us and our denominational programs and structures," he reflected. "It's very difficult for a group which is predominantly white in structure and mentality to relate itself to a Protestantism in New York City which is more than three fourths black." □

Evangelism for Today . . . and Tomorrow

ONE SKEPTIC has said that evangelism too long has regarded the individual as a soul with ears. But the tides of change are washing away at that imagery, and a new style of evangelism is emerging. "Contemporary evangelism will not only *speak* the truth," says Dakotas Area Bishop A. James Armstrong, "it will seek to *be* and *do* the truth."

For a contemporary reading on evangelism—what it is today and what it may become tomorrow—Associate Editor Willmon L. White interviewed Dr. Joseph H. Yeakel in his Nashville office. At 41, Dr. Yeakel is the general secretary of the United Methodist Board of Evangelism. He held a counterpart post in the former Evangelical United Brethren Church prior to union last year.

What do you consider a good working definition of evangelism?

My favorite is the definition by D. T. Niles, the Methodist leader of Ceylon. He said evangelism is one beggar telling another beggar where to find food.

Dr. Harvey Cox says that any distinction between social action and evangelism is mistaken. He argues that the activities of a church in, say, race relations, are part of its evangelistic task. Where would you set the boundaries of evangelism?

I agree with Harvey Cox. And I think the World Council of Churches sends us a good message when it says that *everything* the church does is of evangelizing significance. I'd go farther and say everything done by a person who claims the name of Jesus Christ has evangelistic implications.

Why are terms like "conversion" and "personal encounter with Christ" so meaningless to many people in the church, especially the young? Does evangelism need a new vocabulary?

We always need to keep our vocabulary fresh, I suppose, but I'm not so sure that the words themselves are necessarily so obsolete as the patterns that have evolved around them the last 25 years. There is a temptation to say about conversion, for example, that since this is the way it happened to me, the only way for you to understand conversion is to have the same experience. We haven't allowed for a kind of pluralism. And while I don't

really see any new words, I think we need to treat whatever words we use with a new kind of honesty. Words, you see, just don't carry the freight by themselves because we're talking about a kind of personal, mystical experience which has to be translated into the daily, workaday world.

I've noticed in the New Testament that when someone asks Christ "how" to do something, he evades the "how" question. His answer is, "Come and see." And in the coming and seeing you have —to use Marshall McLuhan's terms —the medium being the message. I'm convinced that the Christian medium has been the Christian message all along. And if the message is fouled up, it is not because of traditional vocabulary but a confusion within so many of us who claim to be the messengers. Too often the message has been, "Come join us where we are in our church."

Is the conversion experience, the divine encounter, still valid for modern times?

Without question. There is the point where a person makes a decision intentionally as to his relationship with God. It involves the intellect but I don't know that it's totally intellectual. It's a total kind of personal relationship. If I could use the word without being misunderstood, it's really a love relationship. But even in the traditional love between man and woman there comes that moment when we say "I love you" and say it out loud.

What are some of the stirrings in evangelism? A lot has been said and written about the "new" evangelism, secular evangelism, pragmatic evangelism—all of which seems to stress both the social and spiritual dimensions and responsibilities of religion. Was there ever really a split between social evangelism and spiritual evangelism? Between faith and deeds?

I don't believe so. I think we split it merely for purposes of getting at a task. Dr. Dudley Ward talks about this in a new book called *Secular Man in Sacred Mission* (Tidings, $1). Dudley, who is general secretary of our churchwide Board of Christian Social Concerns, says that over the history of the church, there never was a neat separation of the sacred and the secular. Whenever you come across a secular activist *par excellence* in church history, he says, you almost invariably come across a mystic, a person who has a strong interior kind of discipline and a commitment to the person of Jesus Christ.

But isn't it true that in recent times we have been in a period of antirevivalism and antievangelism in the traditional sense?

Antirevivalism—or antipietism might be another word that gets at it—came about because the evangelistic emphasis became very personalistic, very "privatized," and eventually took on a compartmentalization so that one's salvation, one's commitment, one's conversion was seen in a framework all by itself—as opposed to what I understand to be the biblical context which always carries with it a social connotation.

What are some of the priorities of the new day in evangelism?

Last fall in Minneapolis, our board adopted a position paper which I think is a good model for a new style of evangelism. It listed the emerging priorities like this: "(1) listening to God and his world at this particular time in history, and proclaiming God's Word to all persons; (2) serving the church in leading toward commitment to the Lordship of Christ as the foundation for Christian action, and serving the world in the name of Christ; and (3) identifying, creating, evaluating, and demonstrating the situations, settings, opportunities,

and structures in which persons may respond to God's call for commitment, grow in his grace and personal discipline, and participate in his mission."

This matter of listening is terribly crucial. Too often in the past the professional evangelist has not been a listening person. He has been a telling person, often answering questions which people weren't even asking. That style is totally inadequate today. New responses are required. The world is questioning whether the church has a valid message for modern man.

This may be a chicken-or-egg question, but which comes first—conversion or social change?

It *is* a chicken-or-egg question. But as one of our board members keeps telling me, it doesn't really matter because he likes both chickens and eggs. I would say that they are inseparable to the Christian. Who is to tell God what the sequence will be?

Social action doesn't always lead to a Christ-centered commitment, but this has been the route of some people, and I believe it can be a valid approach. On the other hand commitment to the person of Jesus Christ as Savior and Lord inevitably leads to social involvement, not as proof of salvation but as celebration and thanksgiving. And expressing this involves service to our fellowmen.

As former Methodists and former EUBs, are we ashamed of our evangelical heritage?

I'm not sure we really know what our heritage is. Too often it has been seen as a methodology from the pioneer days or from the great religious awakening of the 19th century. The revivalist movement was a radical departure from the traditional methods of its day. We no longer live in a frontier country. But there still are frontiers—in terms of affluence, unprecedented education, and rampant urbanization. There's a sense in which we stand between the times.

Obviously the strategy of the raw frontier cannot be the strategy of the urban centers. But we have not yet hewn out specific concepts or constructs to replace the old methods. This is an age of hunch. There are certain kinds of hunches that we are trying to work out in the name of Christ. They may prove wrong but one of the things the church must face in evangelism is a willingness to allow for potential failure.

How do you see some of the experimental projects of the Board of Evangelism—resort and leisure ministries, coffeehouses, telephone counseling, apartment ministries, and the like?

We will continue to try them and be on the lookout for new opportunities for a Christian presence in unusual places. To be legitimate, you've got to put yourself down both on the cutting edge and in traditional ministries. The temptation today, however, is to look for high visibility projects and to run away from the primary ministry opportunities related to ***all*** congregations.

When you think of the life span of birth, Baptism and church membership, marriage, vocation, and death—these are the places where a man's soul is pretty well laid bare. These are gut-level things and, because they don't always grab a headline, there's a tendency to walk away from them. This involves a plodding ministry, step by step, day by day, making yourself available. Pastors should be best equipped to minister to people in moments of crisis, but many are running away from it.

I'm not putting down experimental ministries. You learn a lot from them, especially the failures.

Take apartment ministries, for example. We made a false assumption that because we could minister "successfully" to a plat of houses, we could do just as well if they were stacked on top of each other in an apartment complex. But people who live in apartments are the most mobile people in our society. So maybe we have to zero in on the concept of mobility, or better yet, on the functional economic web to which the people relate. Where do they do their shopping? Where do they cluster in terms of apartment types for different age groups? How do you minister in resort spots to people deliberately adrift, who have shifted gears to neutral? The church must be there. But we shouldn't kid ourselves that this is the totality of its ministry in mission.

There still seems to be a good bit of fogginess about evangelism. Isn't most of it colored by the old ideas of hellfire preaching, mass conversions at revival meetings, and latter-day flip charts and door-to-door calling?

I guess I'm not willing to say the methodologies are all wrong, partly because the flaming social activists use counterpart methods at almost every turn. They call door to door, for example, to collect signatures for petitions. There's similarity, too, between the fervor in revivals and in today's rallies and demonstrations for peace and civil rights. The point is that people come to Christ in different ways. Our unity is in Christ and not how we arrived there.

I think it is true that 15 or 20 years ago we succumbed to a real fogginess about what commitment to Christ is. What developed was a nationalistic, patriotic kind of churchmanship. People were flocking in and we weren't asking the right questions about commitment, discipleship, and the kind of dynamic that moves a person into the area of meeting human needs. It's much tougher to confront people in these times of superaffluence.

When you have only a cup of cold water, it's not hard to know how to give a cup of cold water.

When people have two cars, even two homes, and extra leisure time, then how to give that cup of cold water becomes a difficult question. But it's an evangelism question. The first creed of the early church was "Jesus Christ *is* Lord!" Today the world is asking: "*Is* Jesus Christ Lord?" That's the question evangelism must answer.

Is there enough emphasis on membership nurture, the reevangelizing of nominal members who have drifted away from church participation?

Wasn't it E. Stanley Jones who said that less than one third of all church members are actually converted? There are very few unchurched people in this country; most people think of themselves as belonging to the church whether they're on its active rolls or not. Sometimes I think we ought to make it as easy as possible for people to become church members, and then make it continually more difficult to *stay* members. Of course I realize the need for elevating membership requirements, but I am *more* concerned about growth in terms of discipleship, expanded understanding that constantly takes a person deeper into his faith.

Are you suggesting a spiritual "up or out" system? That you continue to grow in discipleship or you lose your membership?

That's how the Wesleyan class meeting worked. The point I'm trying to make, though, is that maybe one of the reasons people aren't more involved in church life is that we do not expect the depth kind of discipline and personal commitment. Just this morning a cartoon came in my mail. It showed people crowding into a church where the sign outside read: "Suggested for Mature Adults."

One of the interesting things about the Wesleyan class meeting is that you didn't join in a formal sense. Your membership was related to your participation and willingness to be part of the discipline of the group. And you could be disassociated from the fellowship by a class decision if you failed to measure up to its standards. I sometimes wonder what would happen if we moved toward that category of membership today. I wonder if it would start the process of sorting out the children of God in the context of an evangelism that means both personal commitment and social involvement —two sides of one coin.

The small group movement is certainly an interesting phenomenon. Not a new idea, but an old idea in a new time. There has been an interesting study done by another denomination about the basic elements to be found in the churches which are attempting to bring together the word and the deed—personal conversion and social salvation.

At least two findings emerged: One, there is a person or group of persons at the heart of these movements—a small group of common commitment, real discipline, with a definition of goals and tasks, and a determination to relate to them. Secondly, almost invariably the theological questions have become real, not in terms of a study and then action but in a sorting out of goals. The action is an attempt to achieve the given goal which ultimately throws these persons back to the questions, Why? What does my faith have to say here? And then the theological and biblical questions take on a new kind of reality.

Too often, our study groups never move into action. The studying itself satisfies the inner need and has a certain deadening effect so that the participant feels, "Well, I've done it," when in fact he really hasn't done it.

Has not traditional evangelism placed too much emphasis on statistical success?

I have at least two serious concerns about the "numbers game." First, I'm not ready to say that membership recruitment is a less than honest pursuit. Some people who seem to think there is something questionable about recruiting for the church are very active in recruiting for their own pet causes. I don't think we've honestly asked why we count members or what the criteria for church membership should be.

My second concern regards our "profession of faith" statistics,

Receive generous income for life while providing permanent support for Christian Education.

Write today for free brochure.

NATIONAL METHODIST FOUNDATION
for CHRISTIAN HIGHER EDUCATION
P. O. BOX 871
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE 37202

Gentlemen:

☐ I am interested in investing in the future of higher education fostered by The United Methodist Church. Please send a copy of your brochure, To give substance to the dream . . .

☐ Have your representative contact me.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

"Growin' up ain't all that easy"

. . . said Michael to his counselor. But Mike's a lucky kid, even though he has a serious emotional problem. He sees a counselor. Most kids like Michael don't.

Children have long been the neglected group in the development of services and facilities for the mentally ill. We know there are more kids suffering from severe mental illness than current resources can possibly care for. They're disturbed and ill — and all too often forgotten. Not by us. We remember. We believe their future will be better because we remember. We hope you'll remember too.

Support Your Mental Health Association

WINNER OF THE
1968 ABINGDON AWARD

SENSE AND NONSENSE IN RELIGION

STEN H. STENSON

This new philosophical defense of religious belief and practice describes the most effective criticisms raised by modern scholars and intellectuals. By using fresh arguments and by illuminating old truths with vivid, contemporary illustrations, Dr. Stenson develops a careful examination and refutation of these criticisms.

Indeed a unique contribution to current religious thought—*Sense and Nonsense in Religion* presents a persuasive argument that shows the relevance and importance of theology and worship to the modern world.
$5.95

At your Cokesbury bookstore

ABINGDON PRESS

The Book Publishing Department of The Methodist Publishing House

which in both the former Methodist and former Evangelical United Brethren Churches showed a decline in the last 9 or 10 years. Essentially these new members come out of the families of the church—our youngsters. The population increase is such—and United Methodists are just as prolific as anybody else—that if we are recruiting our own children, our membership statistics in "professions of faith" ought to increase automatically. But we are not winning them.

The remedy isn't going to come from the Board of Evangelism. The situation must be faced by every local church in the denomination. If we can't attract our own young people into church fellowship, then maybe for the first time in many generations the old cliche that the church is always one generation from extinction becomes valid.

How can the church speak to the young?

I don't think the church has honestly come to grips with the gap which exists not so much between the generations as between those of us who grew up in the depression and the affluent-oriented, whether they have affluence or not. The kids are saying to us: "You overcame the depression and gathered an amazing surplus of material things, but materialism doesn't seem to be the answer." They are saying: "Practice what you preach. If God loves the world through his servant people, then show us how to be loving and how to be servants." The youth are asking for an authentic expression of being an adult Christian in a fast-changing, cybernetic, technologically exploding world.

Does evangelism have any special stumbling blocks in the ecumenical arena?

It has become clear that we can no longer settle for what I call "guppy tank" evangelism. I know one community where there are 19 churches of one denomination in a community of 30,000. We got together with pastors to talk about what these churches were doing. There was a long silence, and finally one pastor said: "Basically we're competing with each other." Each of these churches might be represented by a guppy tank. The pastors have their little fishnets and are dipping guppies out of somebody else's tank and running home only to find somebody has had a net in his tank.

And nobody is asking, What is the ultimate goal, evangelistically speaking, for this community? Obviously, the answer is not merely to preserve the 19 churches. Multidenomination relationships can get to be a pretty sticky wicket, but we are working at this and we are one of two denominations with staff personnel assigned to ecumenical projects.

How do you visualize the working relationship between the Board of Evangelism and the local church?

We all know the day is gone when a national board can roll a program off on its "holy-roller" mimeograph machine and send it out with any hope that it will be implemented. Our staff concept is to develop tools and techniques, not to be *duplicated* but to be *replicated*. When you replicate something, you take what you are able to use and apply it where you are. When you duplicate, you take what someone has done and forcibly superimpose it on your situation.

Some may object to this analogy, but I think of our board staff as being in a wholesale-retail relationship with the grass-roots church. We often talk about our role as an *evocative* ministry to encourage the *enabling* ministry, the local pastor, in new understanding and insights, new models and methods. It's disturbingly true that many people still are waiting for some new program of the Board of Evangelism to stem the tide of declining church

interest. We think our responsibility is to demonstrate the process of a new life style that begins to free those 42,000 United Methodist retail outlets out there for true mission in the world.

Is there too much stress laid on professional evangelism? Shouldn't there be more lay evangelism?

Obviously the laity should be more involved. The life-style of the pastor is in radical revision. The day is over, I think, for the prima-donna pulpit performer. The day is over for autocratic leadership that tells the people what they are to do, and then sits back for the next six days until they come back for another dose. I don't mean that the place of proclamation, or preaching, is any less important today. But it seems to me that a primary element of the local pastor's ministry is this enabling ministry which multiplies himself.

You have talked with evangelism leaders all over the country in the past year. What are they thinking and saying?

Well, they are convinced—as I am—that evangelism is the key issue before the church today. If other agencies and leaders don't work within this framework, then the church is in trouble and we are off on the road to a church-blessed humanism.

The second crucial issue I see is the ecumenical question at the local level. It's easy to play ecumenics at the metropolitan level, the state, national, and world levels. But what I'm talking about is five or six churches in a given community really working together and not merely playing the guppy-tank game I spoke of. The whole question of membership standards, membership cultivation, and family mobility becomes a major item. This is the kind of world in which we're called to lead people to a commitment to Jesus Christ and in his name to serve the world.

Every decision the church makes had better be in terms of evangelism—or else the church has no business in today's world and God will find another instrumentality if necessary. God is moving in history. We'd better join him. □

"Pick Me,"

cried the boy from Sarawak!

Why should a hungry boy's pleas haunt you?

The same cry could come from the bent form of a South Indian mother . . . or the anguished frame of a tenant farmer. This same outburst springs from the father of a homeless household in Thailand. It pours from a disease-stricken resident of a United States ghetto.

Its echo rings from a dedicated, but ill-equipped, Christian Congolese. Human need is universal. Why then, pick and choose for your gift of a Methodist Annuity? The World Division and the National Division are in the unique position of recognizing and serving these universal needs. They have the experience and facility to administer annuity funds for the work of major missions throughout the world.

Including the boy from Sarawak!

For almost a century, the Methodist annuity has been recognized as a dependable source of lifetime income, and a productive way of underwriting the church's world mission. You may begin with as little as $100. Your guaranteed income, ranging up to 8% for those advanced in years, begins immediately. For more information, fill in and mail coupon below.

Attention: Treasurer, Board of Missions

Please send me full information on:

☐ Wills and Bequests

☐ Guaranteed Life Income Annuity Plans

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ ZIP _____

WORLD DIVISION and NATIONAL DIVISION of the Board of Missions of the UNITED METHODIST CHURCH • 475 Riverside Drive, New York, N.Y. 10027

Pointing the Way Into the Arena Of Change

By Alfred P. Klausler
Executive Secretary, Associated Church Press

GHOSTS of religious antagonisms will haunt an Atlanta motel in late May as some 500 church journalists gather to discuss the state of their periodicals and to speculate on the future.

The meeting itself is an ecumenical milestone, the first joint gathering of the Associated Church Press (representing 185 Protestant, Orthodox, and Catholic publications with combined circulation of 23 million) and the Catholic Press Association (some 325 publications with combined circulation of 35 million).

Despite their past separations, members of the two groups will find much in common as they consider:

- The state of Christendom (topsy-turvy).
- Editorial problems (they come by the ream in the morning mail).
- Advertising (more always needed).
- Circulation (a perennial problem).

Editors of church journals are men and women of candor. They are also committed people; otherwise they would not be in religious journalism. Yet, people misunderstand religious editors and journals, especially when they find frankly critical commentary and genuine depth reporting about the dislocations of church and society in the pages of their favorite church journal.

Christendom faces massive changes, profound alterations in the familiar church landscape, revolutionary situations which will alter familiar patterns. The printed word is still the chief means of communication to the religious community, and most religious editors feel it is their job to report what is going on. The printed word today chronicles a state of unease, in the church and in the world.

Hillier Kriegbaum of the department of journalism at New York University has said there are three great changes in our midst which affect the print media. Each change has had a significant impact on familiar patterns of obtaining information and knowledge. These changes affect religious publications, too, and how they carry out their mission. Editors must be aware of them constantly.

A Revolution in Communication

Change No. 1 deals with electronic media. Latest figures show there are close to 82 million black and white television sets in American homes. By the middle of 1969 about 25 percent of the 59.6 million households in the United States will have color TV. From 1950 to 1967, automobile radios jumped from 18 million to 73 million, and home radios from 81 million to 195 million. There are 6,708 radio stations and 655 TV stations.

We have here a mighty revolution in communication, a method far more pervasive than the printed word. Radio and TV communicate in a startling way. What publication could possibly match the stunning religious impact conveyed by TV when it showed every step of the Kennedy, King, and Eisenhower funerals to international audiences simultaneously?

This is a dramatic illustration of the competition the print media face, but there are other, far subtler, ways which can truly make the editor aware he is toiling in a topsy-turvy world. Educational TV in homes and schools is making the child image-conscious in a way no adult can conceive. The 1969 high-school graduate has spent more hours exposed to television (entertainment and educational) than he has spent in the classroom, not to mention the

hours he has spent with a transistor radio perched on his desk or plugged into his ear.

Change No. 2 has to do with new audiences. These new audiences may be identified both by age and interest. Most impressive is the fact that the median age of the U.S. population is 27.7 years; in a year or so it will drop to 25. This group has engendered much of the revolt on the campuses, and has shocked its elders through enrollment in protest movements of all kinds. Yet this group has a larger percentage in college than any previous American generation.

This is a new audience because it has *not* been primarily conditioned by traditional religious responses. It is led by a vanguard of writers, poets, artists, new theologians, and rock musicians who frequently decry the organized church structures and some of whom are finding outlets in an amorphous underground church. Many in this young audience have developed a thorough indifference to the Christian church because they feel the church has fumbled the great issues of the day.

This new audience is not only a specific age group. It is that part of the American population which has become so conditioned to a computerized electronic world that the significance of the church frequently has been completely forgotten or drowned out in the contemporary cacophony.

It is also an audience pretty well disillusioned with political structures, with old national ideals of patriotism, with copybook maxims ("save for a rainy day") which guided other generations, and with national policies which seem to consist of amoral and downright immoral approaches to the great problems of war, human rights, hunger, and many others.

Religion Makes News

Change No. 3 is the fact that audiences have new interests. Secular-magazine editors have discovered that readers are genuinely interested in theology, not from a traditional point of view but from the angle of new frontiers in religion. Whether it's the late Paul Tillich or Karl Barth, the stand of the church on abortion, euthanasia, or the death-of-God school, these editors have learned that religion has real readership. Whether it's the pill or poverty, race or rural blight, slums or existentialism, the new subjects are far different from what our parents talked or read about. So these are written about and illustrated in nonchurch journals.

William Attwood of *Look* counseled his fellow editors, "If we edit magazines for young people, we are going to keep all the people. If we edit them for people who are set in their ways, who are no longer curious about the world, optimistic about it, interested in themselves and their communities, we're not going to succeed."

Any religious journal worth its salt must take into consideration these changes and be able to relate them to what is happening in the church. These changes, extremely uncomfortable in many instances, have made an impact on what is happening in religious journalism today.

Comforter or Challenger?

Consider the crises threatening to shatter for all time the peaceable kingdom of Christendom. Jeffrey K. Hadden's *The Gathering Storm in the Churches* (Doubleday, $5.95) underlined problems a religious editor must wrestle with if he is to be honest to his profession's canons.

For many, the church exists as a source of comfort and help in a troubled world. But, as Dr. Hadden points out, there is an increasing number who say the church is an institution to challenge men to put an end to social injustice in the world. Place these two clashing viewpoints into an arena and there is bound to be struggle, for there are still millions who believe, subconsciously in many instances, that the eleven o'clock hour on Sunday morning is a sacred period when the mundane should be left far behind.

Pity the editor of a religious journal who attempts to carry out his prophetic role by saying, "Let us break down those church walls. Let us leave the ghetto of our Sunday-morning worship and become involved in the lives of people." But if he does present or discuss or report this crisis of the meaning of the church today, he is certain to run into difficulties.

How is an editor to discuss the crisis of belief which seems to be shaking the organized church to its very foundation? Disconcerting as it may be, the fact is that survey after survey shows millions of Christians have honest doubts about doctrines which past generations seemingly

THE REWARDS OF YOUR GENEROSITY GO ON AND ON...

DONATE SCHULMERICH® BELLS TO YOUR CHURCH . . . to memorialize a loved one, and future generations will draw faith and hope from those bells. Many thoughtful churchgoers have given with a great sense of satisfaction, presenting Schulmerich, the world's finest bells. Automatic Schulmerich operation is a great assist to the pastor, as pre-set bells call to worship, play recitals, mark holidays and events. Appropriate plaque, if desired. Write

SCHULMERICH CARILLONS, INC.
3169 Carillon Hill
Sellersville, Pa. 18960
World's Most Honored Name in Carillons, Bells, Chimes
®Trademark

accepted without question. These growing doubts seem reflected in a declining percentage of church attendance over the past 10 or more years. Other surveys show an increasing number believes religion is losing its influence. The denominational press, at least that segment which represents the establishment, runs into difficulties when there are open and frank discussions about new evaluations placed on traditional doctrines. An important role of the church press is indeed to present to the constituency the changes, theological or social, taking place.

Perhaps nothing has shaken the churches more in these past years than the crisis of authority. Time was when the clergy simply assumed leadership in the church, almost by default. The laity sat back and paid the bills. Today there seems to be a growing revolt among some laymen because of the way the ministers have been calling the shots. After all, the laity still pays most of the bills, and when the clergy leadership, regardless of the right or wrong of its position, decides to jump into the mainstream of controversy, of social action, of involvement in troubles of society, there will be trouble.

This is a way of saying that the laity of Protestantism's middle-class churches, by far the largest segment of their membership, may frequently withhold contributions. Thus the average white, middle-class church member who dislikes the church's involvement in daily life can apply a powerful economic boycott.

About six years ago Martin E. Marty, analyzing the Protestant press in the book *The Religious Press in America* (New York: Holt, 1963), complained that the Protestant press encouraged the "ecological imprisonment of Protestants in suburban and middle-class settings. . . . It fails to break down compartments or to lead Christians out into the arena."

In succeeding years the Protestant press began to report and comment in greater detail and with considerable acerbity on the dislocations of our time. Today's Protestant press not only reflects the turmoil and revolutionary life of the church but, in many instances, seeks to guide it into productive channels. The result frequently is that editors are the target of a variety of complaints. There are demands for censorship. Failing all else, readers cancel their subscriptions because they are displeased with what they see and read in their religious press.

An ironical development is that where once the critics accused the establishment press of spending time building denominational enclaves, today a new brand of critic complains that the press is dragging the church away from its proper spiritual concerns into the arena of the grape boycott, the Viet Nam war, or slum housing. In some instances there has been direct group action to have the publication's editorial staff either reprimanded or fired.

All this is part of the growing pain within the church, and any church periodical which fails to arouse some kind of response from its readers is failing its duties. While there may be a widening gap between the laity and the pulpit, between editor and reader, nevertheless it would be a mistake to compromise editorial integrity by seeking to bridge the gap by bland palliatives.

Ignore the Unpleasant?

Is there any way out of the dilemmas in which the church's editors find themselves? Almost all mainline Protestant publications are teetering on the edge of subscription losses because they displease some readers. But on the other hand, an editor cannot publish only sweetness or ignore the unpleasant and revolutionary that is part of church life. As Dr. A. C. Forrest, editor of Canada's *The United Church Observer,* has said, no editor "should avoid controversy to make life peaceful for himself."

It is a strange paradox that church members readily subscribe to nonchurch magazines which frequently contain news, photographs, or articles of a controversial nature. They accept this pattern of journalistic practice in the secular world. But if the editor of TOGETHER or *Presbyterian Life* or *The Lutheran Witness* runs an article discussing the merits of the California grape boycott, all hell breaks loose.

In some instances, where the protest has been sufficiently strong and where sufficient financial support could be mustered, a rival, unofficial publication has been started. In the end most such efforts fail because it is extremely difficult to build circulation lists and to establish continuity of editorial purpose. Nor can any publication long endure with a negative motivation.

Where there is honesty of purpose and intent on the part of editors, let the subscribers honor the integrity of an editorial staff willing to tackle the unpleasant and the controversial. There must be greater religious maturity on the part of church people.

Bills Must Be Paid

This does not answer the perennial problem of who pays the bills for church publications. The laity often is prone to criticize deficits which denominational publications incur. They point to presumably huge profits made by nonchurch publications.

They forget that most secular publications depend heavily on advertising income to underwrite publication costs. In other words, a secular publication is subsidized by its advertising.

Few denominational publications are able to obtain sufficient advertising revenue to underwrite 20 percent, not to mention 75 or 85 percent, of their costs. The church press, then, must be dependent upon subsidies. Where may these be found? One obvious answer is for local churches to include in their annual budgets the cost of a subscription for each family in the parish. Where this group approach has been widely accepted, the subscription list remains fairly stable. Another form of subsidy consists simply in outright grants from the denomination's national budget or from a church publishing house.

There is no need to balk at this type of financial support when it is seen as an essential part of a church's maintaining and supporting avenues of communication to the members.

The religious press is desperately needed in a society which is becoming increasingly motivated by nonreligious values. The religious press can still perform tasks of interpretation and evaluation which the secular press cannot or will not. While the daily newspapers or the weekly news magazine may be able to present the broad spectrum of the religious events in contemporary life, there is no guarantee that they always will.

To keep alive the spark of the religious or even theological approach to modern life, the denominational or religious publication is needed. And the church must support it wholeheartedly. □

NEWS

When you're 103, you get a birthday cake shaped like a book—especially if you are an author. A Methodist missionary to Brazil 35 years, Miss Layona Glenn wrote of her century-plus in I Remember, I Remember, to be issued June 30 by Fleming H. Revell Co. A birthday greeting from President Nixon was among her treats in Atlanta, Ga., where she is Wesley Towers' oldest and most famous guest. For her 100th birthday in 1966 she visited President Johnson in the White House, then returned to Brazil for several days.

CONFERENCE MERGERS REMAIN RACIAL PRIORITIES

Merger of Negro and white annual conferences emerged as top priority business this spring for two United Methodist groups, one official, the other unofficial.

The Commission on Religion and Race reaffirmed its priority for assisting such mergers involving the denomination's 10 remaining Negro annual conferences. The commission was told, however, that wide variation in minimum salaries for pastors remains a major barrier.

The commission's executive secretary, the Rev. Woodie W. White, said, "We couldn't have picked a more inopportune time for merger of annual conferences, but that's where we are. Many white folks aren't ready."

Black Methodists for Church Renewal (BMCR) expressed itself as "totally committed" to proceeding with annual-conference mergers. The unofficial group warned that it does not "support mergers in which white racism is accommodated and black people are negated." As one example, it said, "Racist attitudes . . . have resulted in a drastic reduction of the number of black district superintendents while the number of white district superintendents has experienced only negligible, if any, reduction."

The Commission on Religion and Race is planning for a national convocation on religion and race, tentatively in the fall of 1970, to be followed by jurisdictional and regional meetings. The commission has named its second staff member, the Rev. Clayton E. Hammond, former associate dean of students at Dover (Delaware) State College.

Dr. L. Harold DeWolf, dean of Wesley Theological Seminary in Washington, D.C., told the commission The United Methodist Church has an obligation to go out of its way to achieve reconciliation with Negroes. He pointed out that white people have profited by being white and that United Methodism is predominantly white.

The unofficial BMCR group was told that blacks "are on the edge of accepting their blackness." Dr. Earnest A. Smith, associate general secretary (Division of Human Relations) of the Board of Christian Social Concerns, warned, however, that "black power" or "black is beautiful" should not be an end in itself. "No person can hide in the group," he explained. "Though he gets his identity from the group, he must achieve the loftiest attainments of his potential as an individual."

The executive committee of the social concerns board endorsed a proposal issued earlier by the Commission on Religion and Race for securing and training community developers to be assigned to black churches in ghettos, with financing from the Fund for Reconciliation.

The mayor of Washington, D.C., Walter E. Washington, told a United Methodist convocation on Christian social concerns in his city that the church should work for better wage and welfare payments and move around sometimes obstructive bureaucracy to start day-care centers and other institutions.

Another black leader, the National Urban League's executive director, Whitney M. Young, told the annual meeting of Religion in American Life that churches have become "a little better" in the fight for racial justice than they were prior to 1960.

"Until 1960," said Mr. Young, "the church was one of the biggest deterrents to the civil-rights movement in our country. It became more relevant when ministers marched with us at Selma." Mr. Young also said the education of white people, stressed in the Kerner Commission report last year, is a church task.

COCU IN FINAL YEAR OF UNION-PLAN DRAFT

It may come as a surprise to many churchmen, but a proposed plan to unite nine Protestant denominations has entered its final year of preparation.

A commission from the Consultation on Church Union (COCU) is at work on the plan to be submitted to the next COCU session in St. Louis, Mo., in March, 1970.

This commission—which expects to meet at least one week during each of the next 12 months—will work on a proposal it received from delegates attending the eighth annual COCU meeting in Atlanta, Ga., in March. Adoption of the plan in St. Louis would be a major step toward creation of a 25-million-member American Protestant

church. Each of the nine denominations in COCU then would consider the union in their respective legislative bodies. The United Methodist Church could receive the proposal in its 1972 General Conference.

Previous COCU meetings have resulted in specific agreements on doctrine and structure, but the Atlanta sessions were confined to discussion of the proposed plan, a final refining process to give the Plan of Union Commission (POUC) specific suggestions. Central to these discussions was the concern that the local parish be made up of several units, based on both geography and function. Turned over to POUC was the suggestion that a single "parish" might include two or more traditional congregations as well as other ad hoc task-force groups called into being to meet specific mission needs.

One of the more encouraging ecumenical signs in Atlanta was a report—adopted and passed on to the denominations for study and action—which provides guidelines for those local churches which want to merge for mission now. United Methodist Bishop James K. Mathews, COCU chairman, called the guidelines "a valuable instrument to make ecumenism effective in countless areas across the country." The guidelines contain models for union on a local level, indicating various ways churches can unite or work together.

The role of black Christians in the new church was a major concern of delegates, though opinion was divided on whether to make the racial composition of each parish mandatory or voluntary. Three COCU churches are black—African Methodist Episcopal, African Methodist Episcopal Zion, and Christian Methodist Episcopal—and black influence is also strong in the predominately white churches. Mandatory youth delegates—at least one in each delegation—also help to give the sessions a renewal tone, though the presence of a large number of bishops and executive officers—five of nine United Methodist delegates are bishops—guarantees an establishment balance in consultation conversations.

Other denominations in COCU include Christian (Disciples of Christ); Episcopal; Presbyterian, U.S.; United Church of Christ; and United Presbyterian, USA. Both the former Evangelical United Brethren and former Methodist Churches were participants until their recent merger into The United Methodist Church. *—James M. Wall*

SENIOR BISHOP DIES AT 106

When Herbert Welch died at age 106 on Good Friday evening (April 4) at his New York home, he had been a bishop longer (53 years) than any other man in United Methodist history, possibly longer than any other in Christian history.

He lived through three retirements. First was in 1936 when, at age 74, he retired after 20 years in the active episcopacy. But in 1938 he was reactivated to fill the unexpired term of a deceased bishop of the Boston Area. He retired again in 1939, then was called out in 1940 to chair the newly organized Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief (MCOR). He stayed on as MCOR executive eight years, helping to raise and distribute some $8 million. His third and final retirement came in 1948 at age 86.

Bishop Welch's active episcopal supervision was in Korea, China, Japan, India, and in the Pittsburgh (Pa.) Area. Before his election as a bishop in 1916 he was president of Ohio Wesleyan University 11 years and, before that, pastor in various churches in his native New York City area. During his episcopal assignment in Korea he was principal author of the Korean Creed, one of five affirmations of faith in the United Methodist *Book of Worship*.

He was the oldest alumnus of his three alma maters: Brooklyn Polytechnic-Institute, Wesleyan University in Middletown, Conn., and Drew University.

His record of General Conference attendance, dating since 1888 when he went as an observer, went unbroken until 1968 when ill health prevented his filling room reservations he had made in Dallas.

He maintained intellectual and physical vigor until well into his 105th year and attended Christ Church (United Methodist) in New York until early 1968.

A service of remembrance and thanksgiving was conducted at that church April 7, followed by burial in New York's Woodlawn Cemetery.

His wife of 68 years died in 1958. Their two daughters survive.

WORLD METHODISTS SEEK TO KEEP FRATERNAL TIES

As a presumably international denomination, The United Methodist Church is becoming less and less international.

Twenty-eight of its annual conferences in 14 nations were given permission in 1968 to withdraw from United Methodism, either to join with other churches in their own countries or to become autonomous. Other overseas annual

Films about lonely people won awards this spring from Protestant, Catholic, and Orthodox groups. Rachel, Rachel (left), starring James Olson and Joanne Woodward, and The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter *starring Sondra Locke and Alan Arkin, were cited by both the National Council of Churches' Broadcasting and Film Commission and the National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures. Each agency also cited other films separately, the council citing* Faces *and* Yellow Submarine, *the NCOMP honoring* Oliver!, 2001: A Space Odyssey, *and* Nazarin.

conferences have indicated that they, too, expect to move toward autonomy within a few years.

These developments, symbols of the "coming of age" of young churches and their willingness to assume responsibility for their own life and work, have been widely applauded. Even so, however, many leaders both in the U.S. and overseas insist that some fraternal ties within the Methodist "family" should be preserved. The old organizational structure is outmoded, they say, but a new one should be built to link world Methodists.

In a series of five meetings this spring, United Methodists in their five U.S. jurisdictions talked about alternative structures which might be created. (Overseas churchmen held similar discussions earlier). The 1969 sessions, authorized by last year's Uniting Conference, were organized by the Commission on the Structure of Methodism Overseas (COSMOS), which will use the records of each meeting to prepare for a World Structure Congress in Baltimore, Md., April 9-13, 1970.

Three possible alternative plans were considered this spring:

- A World Methodist Church with a General Conference having legislative powers "over all matters . . . worldwide and connectional."
- A World Methodist Conference of Churches bringing together autonomous national or regional churches in "a conference style of relationship to do things they want to do together."
- A World Methodist Conciliar Structure involving churches around the world whose historic relationships have been with British, Australian, and American Methodist bodies in addition to The United Methodist Church. (The existing World Methodist Council could provide a starting point for an expanded conciliar structure.)

Delegates seemed to favor the latter proposal as the most practical means of achieving a form of fraternal unity without requiring national or regional churches to surrender the right to govern their own internal affairs. Many delegates insisted that whatever new structure is devised, it should not forestall Methodist participation in ecumenical developments, including the Consultation on Church Union (COCU) in the United States.

Next steps, then, are the World Methodist Structure Congress next year and, from that congress, proposal of a structure plan to be presented to the 1972 General Conference. —*Paige Carlin*

Cooling Off on Campuses

This summer will be welcomed on many U.S. campuses—including those which are United Methodist related—as a time for cooling off and for assessing turbulences many experienced during the past nine months.

Many were hit by disturbances this past year. Just what's ahead for the 1969-70 academic year is hard to say but, based on the year ending in June, it could include:

- Increases in organized student power, especially as a dominant force in administrative decisions.
- Carefully preplanned and publicized riot prevention measures by administrations.
- Changes in several school presidencies.
- Continuation of large-scale giving to and spending by many schools.

Recent events at United Methodist-related schools included these:

At MacMurray College in Jacksonville, Ill., student consultants attended meetings of the board of trustees and finalized plans for a new student government.

At Dickinson College in Carlisle, Pa., a broad desire for change in virtually every aspect of the educational process led to an all-day dialogue in which most students, faculty members, and administrators participated.

Officials at High Point (N.C.) College approved a statement which threatens arrest of those who interfere with the educational process but reminds students that lines of communication always are open.

These lines are open in both directions at Wofford College in Spartanburg, S.C., the first school in that state to adopt an open-speaker policy permitting any invited speaker to appear without prior screening. Each speaker at official assemblies, however, must submit to a question and answer session after his address—which authorities hope will expose or eliminate irreponsible statements from the platform.

Preventing student disturbances took a drastic form at Wiley College in Marshall, Texas. When students at this predominately Negro school protested their living conditions and demanded more Negro professors and a black-studies program, the president called in Texas Rangers to conduct a weapons search of the dormitories. Student resentment of this action was so extreme that President T. W. Cole, Sr., tacked a notice to the bark of a scrub-oak tree. It told students to go home because the school was being closed indefinitely.

The school reopened two weeks later when representatives of the college board of trustees, students, alumni, faculty, administrators, and local citizens agreed to engage in a series of conversations about the school's problems.

When 70 members of the Afro-American Society and a band of white supporters seized the administration building at Duke University in Durham, N.C., the administration gave students one hour to vacate the building. Militants battled police, and National Guard troops eventually entered the campus to restore order. Bitterness lasted long after the issue was settled.

One result of the uprisings at Duke was that Douglas M. Knight, the school's energetic young president, resigned—as he put it, "to protect my family from the severe and sometimes savage demands of such a career."

Less pressured changes in administration occurred at many United Methodist-related schools. New presidents for 1969-70 include:

Dr. David G. Mobberley, Greensboro (N.C.) College, from acting dean of Lycoming College, Williamsport, Pa.

The Rev. Robert A. Davis, Brevard (N.C.) College, from the Board of Education's Department of College and University Religious Life.

Dr. John E. Corbally, Jr., Syracuse (N.Y.) University, from vice-president for academic affairs and provost of Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.

Dr. Jack J. Early, Pfeiffer College, Misenheimer, N.C., from the presidency of Dakota Wesleyan University in Mitchell, S.Dak.

Dr. Roy B. Shilling, Jr., Hendrix College in Conway, Ark., from vice-president of Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas.

Dr. Thomas E. Wenzlau, Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio, from associate dean of faculty, Lawrence University, Appleton, Wis.

Although many administrators fear campus unrest will alienate

(Continued on page 20)

generous friends and alumni, most United Methodist-related schools appear to be thriving.

Southern Methodist University in Dallas, Texas, received $8 million from Dallasite Algur H. Meadows. Dickinson College in Carlisle, Pa., was notified that it will receive in excess of $750,000 from the estate of an alumnus, and Southwestern University was given $250,000 for an endowed professorship—the sixth for this Texas school.

A $5-million campaign to build into three buildings at Indiana Central College in Indianapolis received $500,000 from Mr. and Mrs. Herman C. Krannert and another $500,000 from Lilly Endowment.

Florida Southern College in Lakeland, Fla., will be the home of a scholarship fund to honor the late Dr. J. Wallace Hamilton of Pasadena Community Church, St. Petersburg. A committee established a $500,000 minimum goal.

Major building programs at United Methodist-related schools include a library and student commons at Westmar College in Le Mars, Iowa, and planned construction of 13 buildings at Hamline University in St. Paul, Minn.

Nearly 3½ city blocks in Little Rock, Ark., were purchased to expand the Philander Smith College campus.

A unique building project at Kentucky Wesleyan College in Owensboro, Ky., was spearheaded by students seeking to raise $300,000 of a $1 million goal for a new library through statewide solicitation of gifts and pledges.

Disturbances that dominated the college scene last winter varied greatly. At large schools, extensive publicity often exaggerated the tensions. Disturbances at small colleges often went unnoticed outside the academic circle. But one thing is universally clear: students increasingly are demanding a greater voice in basic policy decisions, and administrators must prepare to deal with this on a permanent basis. Most college presidents and their staffs—United Methodists among them—are spending the summer doing just that. —*Mary Finneran*

A Chaplaincy Along the Road

With 68 million guests traipsing through your bedrooms in a year, you first face physical needs.

But once those needs are met, what of the guests who also have spiritual needs? If you are a major motel chain like Holiday Inns of America, Inc., you employ a full-time chaplain and encourage him to organize a religious program for those who want it.

The Memphis-headquartered chain of more than 1,000 inns employed such a person nearly two years ago, and by June 1 United Methodist Chaplain W. A. (Dub) Nance expects to have a religious program going in 300 to 400 local Holiday Inns.

Sunday-morning services for overnight guests and inn employees were supposed to be the keystone in the inn chaplaincy. But a chaplain-on-call service, added to the inns' doctor and dentist-on-call facilities, caught hold with local innkeepers almost as well.

Chaplain Nance suggests this simple plan for Sunday-morning services lasting about 30 minutes:

- Leaders will be local ministers, serving on a rotating basis.
- Innkeepers will encourage employees and guests to attend.
- Certificates of attendance will be given to children.
- All are invited to come as they are for two hymns, prayer, children's story, and sermon.

Chaplain Nance says this schedule overcomes the travelers' typical excuses for nonchurch attendance such as an inconvenient hour (usually 11 a.m.), a full hour's service takes too much time from a travel or vacation day, and dress should be Sunday best.

"Quite frankly," states Chaplain Nance, "the only thing that we want is to provide an opportunity of worship for our guests and employees who otherwise would not avail themselves of such an opportunity when they are away from their home church."

Down the road in Chaplain Nance's chain-wide ministry are plans for two-minute "INNspiration dial-a-devotions," weekday Bible and discussion groups for traveling men, audio and video taped Christian messages in each room via Musak and closed-circuit television, and a prayer room in each inn.

Mr. Nance admits the chief obstacle is "plain old apathy"—on the part of the local minister who feels he has enough to do on Sunday mornings without preaching in a motel, the innkeeper who won't promote the chaplaincy and, finally, travelers who may find it easier to get 30 minutes more sleep or hit the road a half hour earlier.

But the veteran of 30 years in the Methodist ministry figures that not even apathy can hold back all of a congregation of 68 million.

CENTURY CLUB

Among those joining the Century Club this month is a Florida woman who until last year was an active member of the Women's Society of Christian Service and several other clubs.

Mrs. Jessie E. Butler, 100, Winona, Minn.

Mrs. Jessie Cartmell, 100, Melbourne, Fla.

Mrs. Frank Young, 100, Brookfield, Mo.

In submitting nominations for the Century Club, please include the nominee's present address, date of birth, name of the church where he or she is a member, and its location.

'DISCIPLINE' MIRRORS LARGER DENOMINATION

Like the denomination it mirrors, United Methodism's new *Book of Discipline* is larger in many ways than its immediate predecessors.

Complementary to the denomination's likewise new *Book of Worship* and *The Hymnal*, the *Discipline* is larger in page width and depth and in type size.

It is smaller (596 pages *vs.* 827 pages) than the 1964 version from the former Methodist Church, primarily because it is now strictly a book of church law, no longer containing rituals or General Conference resolutions.

Its seven chapters deal with the local church, ministry, lay worker, conferences, administrative order, church property, and judicial administration.

Films & TV

THERE IS no such thing as a family film. There are only families that see films. And families, like the movies they see, come in all shapes and sizes.

The traditional image of "family"—popularized by Christmas and life-insurance ads—pictured Dad (36) reading the paper, Mom (34) smiling at Johnny (12), and Jane (9) rolling a ball to Baby Bobby (3).

Such families do exist, but there also are parents with only teen-age children, with only preschool children, or with only grown children; and husbands and wives with no children at all. These differences will be reflected in this column's comments on current films.

Chitty, Chitty, Bang Bang, for example, is a delightful fantasy about a car that flies away to exciting places. Its most appreciative audience will be those between the ages of 6 and 12—accompanied, of course, by their appreciative parents. But even a picture with such worthy motives requires some slight reservations. Younger children who frighten easily might be disturbed at the presence of the evil child-snatcher, who steals the film's two young stars from their father and puts them into a cage. The film's fantasy style will protect most children from anxiety over this action, but others, especially preschoolers, may find it traumatic. Still, the film's overall joyfulness makes it a good outing for (almost) every family.

At first glance **Hell in the Pacific** hardly seems family fare since it depicts the conflict of a Japanese soldier (Toshiro Mifune) and an American marine (Lee Marvin) on a deserted island during World War II. But I recommend it as a rewarding family experience, which provides rich material for later conversation. Neither man speaks the other's language, and the American audience is not provided with subtitles to provide the omniscience of understanding Mifune's Japanese. But the nonverbal communication is rich in expressing hostility, selfishness, and—finally—a limited friendship. Again, the very young child may not understand what is happening, but any school-age youngster will recognize the fury the American feels when his Japanese protagonist steals his log and tries to make it into a raft. "My log!" becomes a phrase summarizing every man's desire to hold on to that which he feels is rightly his own. At still another level, the irrationality of war is strongly suggested.

My Side of the Mountain is a film which should have considerable appeal to any youngster. No parent will want to miss sharing the experience of a 13-year-old boy who goes into the Canadian woods to live alone for six months. Robert Radnitz, one of the few film makers genuinely interested in films for a specifically younger audience, has turned a prize-winning novel by Jean George into an engrossing film which celebrates man and nature without denigrating either.

The Sergeant is a film which may attract the attention of parents with younger teen-age sons since it is a serious attempt to examine the attraction felt by an older soldier for a young private. If your family wants to discuss homosexuality, this picture could provide not so much insight as a basis for conversation. If you prefer to avoid the subject, then avoid this film. It is sharply directed, and acted with finesse by Rod Steiger.

—*James M. Wall*

Teddy Eccles plays Sam Gribley, the boy who runs away from home to emulate his hero, Thoreau, in My Side of the Mountain. *Theodore Bikel is an itinerant folk singer who befriends the lad in the Canadian wilderness.*

OTHER FILMS OF INTEREST

Oliver—Film version of an entertaining stage musical loosely based on Dickens' *Oliver Twist*. Excellent performances, especially in the roles of Fagin and the Artful Dodger, but the transition from Dickens' grim London poverty to Broadway's gay acceptance of pickpocketing leaves the film with a slightly blurred focus.

Where Eagles Dare—Richard Burton and Clint Eastwood pose as German soldiers to invade a castle deep inside enemy territory. Fistfights on cable cars and a chase along mined mountain dirt roads make this an exciting entertainment film. War casualties are excessive. Too violent for under 12.

Stolen Kisses—A film for specialized audiences, especially those who like the quiet, gentle personal movies of the European director, Francois Truffaut. Subject matter will be of interest to viewers old enough to recognize the pain of communicating with a world that is too crass to care.

2001: A Space Odyssey—Science-fiction about to become reality. Some have objected to this film's attempts at theology, with its God-figure moving from the beginning of time into the unknown future. But teen-agers and younger adults really swing with the emotive power of Stanley Kubrick's sets and superb camera work.

TV HIGHLIGHTS THIS MONTH

May 18, 8:30-9 p.m., EDT on NBC—*Paga No. One*. Animated special featuring Walt Kelly and cartoon characters.

May 20, 10-11 p.m., EDT on CBS—*A Question of Values*. First of a three-part series titled *Generations Apart*. **May 27**—*The Youth International*. **June 3**—*Father and Sons*.

May 24, 8:30-9 p.m., EDT on CBS—A Charlie Brown-Charles Schulz special.

May 25, 4:30-5:30 p.m., EDT on CBS—*Young People's Concert: Hector Berlioz Takes a Trip*.

May 26, 8-9 p.m., EDT on NBC—*Hilites of the Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey Circus*.

June 1, 8-9 p.m., EDT on ABC—*D-Day Revisited* with Darryl Zanuck, Richard Burton, John Wayne, and Henry Fonda.

June 2, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EDT on ABC—*Summer Focus: War in the Mid-East?* touches refugees, national hatreds and rivalries, and big-power involvement.

June 9, 8:30-9 p.m., EDT on CBS—*You're in Love, Charlie Brown*.

June 19, 10-11 p.m., EDT on ABC—*Summer Focus: Abortion*. A frank study of a major social question. □

I'D RATHER BE TIRED

BY RUTH ESBJORNSON

IF YOU ARE like me—and you probably thank heaven you are not—you frequently find yourself saying, Oh, I'm so tired.

I wish I weren't so tired. Maybe you, too, sometimes feel as if a heavy blanket were lying across your shoulders, as if your legs weren't going to make that top stair, as if your eyes couldn't possibly stay open long enough to finish that page.

Maybe you, too, are aware that your tiredness doesn't come from playing golf or scrubbing floors. It doesn't come from walking along a sandy beach or climbing mountains. It doesn't come from chasing children or baking bread.

It is rather a tiredness that comes from trying to decide who is right in government, in society, in the church. It is a tiredness that comes from not knowing why we are fighting in Viet Nam, why the Negro has to riot to be noticed, why the young person hates his parents. It is a tiredness that comes from always being on the defensive when talking about faith in God, morality in sex, honesty in government.

Would you get so tired if you didn't care about right and wrong, about mercy and justice, about love and hate? Would you get so tired if you didn't want people to know God, to have a conscience, to love each other? Would you get so tired if you did not feel guilty of deceiving God, of despising people, of belittling your heritage?

Perhaps it would be better if, like the flower, you turned your head toward the sun, indifferent to the other flowers around you. You would be more beautiful as a flower.

Perhaps it would be better if, like a cat, you killed for your food, indifferent to the rightness or wrongness. You would be more relaxed as a cat. Perhaps it would be better if, like the shell on the seashore, you flowed with the tide, indifferent to emotional tensions. You would be more durable as a shell.

But as for me, I'd rather be tired. □

An **INTERCHURCH FEATURE** originated and published by **The Lutheran** (Lutheran Church in America). Used by permission. **—Your Editors**

WHO SPEAKS FOR THE CHURCH?

It's an old question, going back 3,000 years. But the clear lesson of history is that fallible men must speak for the church. Silence would be inexcusable.

By HAROLD A. BOSLEY
Pastor, Christ Church, New York, N.Y.

THE QUESTION "Who speaks for the church?" is raised each time a church conference issues a pronouncement or a preacher preaches a sermon on a matter that is in public controversy. The National Council of Churches, for example, has issued five statements in five years condemning the war in Viet Nam as immoral and dangerous to the peace of the world, and urging our government to heed pleas of

the United Nations and the cries of humanity and stop the bombing and pursue negotiations to end the war, and all have been greeted by disclaimers within the churches.

The question "Who speaks for the church?" is as old as organized religion itself. It will continue to be raised as long as religiously minded folk gather in societies and congregations and seek to live, act, and speak responsibly.

Deep-lying in our heritage is the truly fundamental question "Who speaks for God?" This, I take it, is both prior to and inseparable from the question we face today, "Who speaks for the church?"

The church, historically, has regarded itself as a special creation or family of God. Israel's ancient concept of the covenant and of herself as becoming a people prefigures the early Christian notion of ec*clesia*, a community called into being by the response of men to the Word of God as spoken in Jesus Christ. The church did not think of itself as a merely listening community; it was a speaking community as well—listening and speaking in obedience to God.

The early church received from Jesus himself the great commission to go to the ends of the earth teaching and preaching the gospel. The people in the Upper Room on the day of Pentecost were the church. Spilling out of that room into the streets, they were ready to go anywhere God should direct, teaching and preaching to whoever would listen.

There is no ground at all for questioning whether those Pentecostal preachers thought they were empowered to speak for God. The power structure of the Temple questioned it; Pilate and his ilk questioned it; the overwhelming majority of all who heard them questioned it—but these preachers who were destined "to upset the world" did not question it. *They believed that they spoke for God and for the people of God.* This basic assurance brought the church into being and propelled it into the main current of human history as a formative force in the affairs of this world.

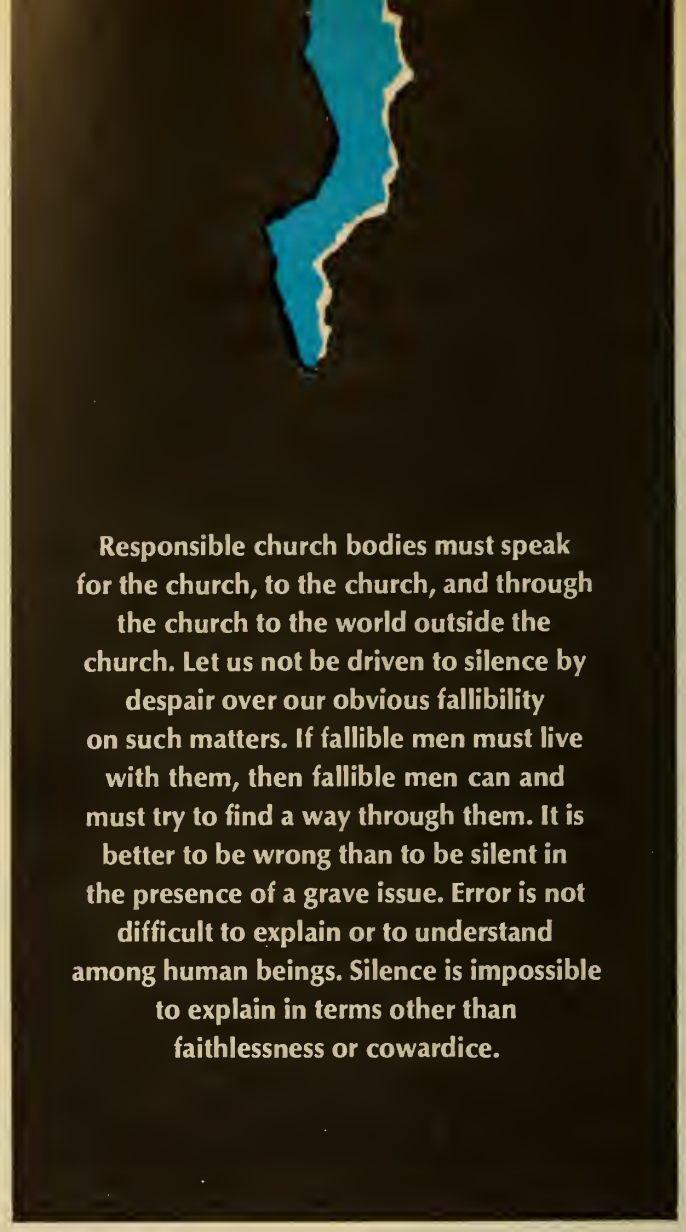
Any answer we give to the question "Who speaks for the church?" must take into account 3,000 years of self-conscious and self-critical and God-conscious experiences. And these experiences suggest several assumptions that lie back of my answer to the question.

The first assumption is that *religion is relevant to life.* Its concern expresses itself in values, goals, purposes, relationships, institutions, causes, crusades, and plans of action. The Christian tradition holds that the gospel is for human beings engaged in the realistic struggle to live, and that it relates to us as judgment, forgiveness, and love. Its purpose is both to open ways to the abundant life—as God intends it—and to empower men to follow those ways. Faith is a matter of the marketplace, the classroom, the home, and the places where men work. It lives where men live.

A second assumption grows from the first: *Religion must find ways of declaring the meaning of its relevance to life.* It cannot be silent about problems that are occupying the thought, work, and prayers of men. It must speak to them in God's name. It must bring its understanding of God's will to bear on all that impedes or distorts the incarnation of his word in the actual processes of living.

A third assumption focuses on the body of believers which is the church: *The church by her self-understanding is called to speak and act as the people of God.* She cannot pretend to be one among many social and political groups. Ideally, she knows herself to be a channel between God and man. She is created, called, and sustained by God to be that people in this moment of history who are trying to think his thoughts after him, here and now. Without pretending for a moment that God has no other way of speaking to the human enterprise, the church nonetheless knows that proclamation of the gospel has been committed to her. This is her mission and life.

A fourth assumption stresses the humanity of the church: *Whatever the church says is finite and fallible.* All Protestants and an increasing number of Roman Catholics question whether there is any such thing as an infallible utterance by the church. As one Roman Catholic theologian has said, "The very idea of infallibility has



Responsible church bodies must speak for the church, to the church, and through the church to the world outside the church. Let us not be driven to silence by despair over our obvious fallibility on such matters. If fallible men must live with them, then fallible men can and must try to find a way through them. It is better to be wrong than to be silent in the presence of a grave issue. Error is not difficult to explain or to understand among human beings. Silence is impossible to explain in terms other than faithlessness or cowardice.

been more trouble than it has been worth." Whatever the church says exhibits the finitude of the experience and understanding with which she speaks. Her noblest efforts are a rich blend of human fact and divine vision.

I find myself wondering:

Was Jesus speaking for God that day on the mountain when he preached to all who came to hear him?

Did Paul speak for God when he preached and taught from one end of the Mediterranean to the other? Or when he wrote his letters?

Did Augustine speak for God when he sought to clarify and defend the theology of the Church?

Did Luther speak for God when he defied pope and emperor in behalf of freedom of faith and urged all men "to live directly to God"?

Did John Wesley speak for God when he turned away from the stately cathedrals for the open fields and the simple meeting places of the people called "Methodists"?

Did Martin Luther King, Jr., speak for God when, in love, he mounted his attacks on the injustices visited upon his people by custom, convention, and law?

So far as I am concerned, the answer in every case is: "*Yes*—they spoke to and through the church; they spoke for God and for the church!" But let us never forget that the overwhelming majority of their contemporaries, including sincere churchmen, would disagree with this. In every case, had a Gallup poll been taken, it would have shown them to be in the minority—at least during their lifetimes. But they knew that without benefit of a poll, and they were undismayed by it. They were churchmen, and they sought to purify the church temporal by recalling it to the meaning of the church eternal.

While we are raising such questions, what shall we say of the great church councils: Nicaea, Chalcedon, Trent, Vatican II? Or of the assemblies of the World Council of Churches? In what sense do they speak for the church?

There can be no denying the weighty influence of such conferences. Called into being around human questions to which human beings knew no answer, they sought to find and fashion in words and resolutions for action what they believed to be the will of God for men. Had a single one of them raised the question "Will all sincere churchmen agree with us?" the conferences would have been over before they began. The issue was "What is God trying to say to us?"

It misses the point to say that many sincere churchmen did not agree with them. It confuses the issue to say that time and time again history has proved them fallible. Each one felt called of the Lord of history to speak—like Amos, Peter, and John. Had it not been for their determination to declare the relevance of faith in their day, the Christian tradition would long since have gone the way of many cults that sought to save themselves by fleeing from the world.

The church has spoken in the past, through inspired men and through councils and conferences, and the church must continue to speak in these ways today, tomorrow, and to the end of time. Until a better means can be found, she must continue to find her spokesmen in men and women neither better nor wiser than we are.

The law of our churches is clear on the duty of ministers to speak for the church. We are ordained by the church and commissioned to administer the Sacraments and to preach "the pure Word of God." When we administer the Sacraments, we are acting for the church; when we preach the gospel, we are speaking for the church—for the Lord of the church. We were called into the ministry by God, as we found him or he found us in Jesus Christ. Once that great encounter had occurred, the church ordained us.

If ordination means anything at all, it means our right and responsibility to act and to speak for God, in the church and through the church, to the world in which we live. Without this sustaining conviction, we are sadly misplaced men in the pulpits of Christian churches.

But lest laymen think this a matter for clergy alone, it is the right, the duty, and the responsibility of every member of the fellowship of confessing Christians to speak for God and the church in every act and word of life.

It comes down to this wonderful, fearful, awesome, and terrifying fact: I, as a minister, and you, as a layman, speak for the Lord of the church. Collectively, we cannot escape that right and duty *if we are members*. The only way to keep from speaking for the church—negatively or affirmatively, weakly or strongly—is to leave the church and deny that we are among Christ's followers.

We must speak for the church in our corporate as well as our personal witness. We must speak for God in the ghetto, in the urban crisis, in Viet Nam, in the Near East, in the United Nations, in political elections, in the school crisis—and wherever else men face the problems that make or break the continuation of life on earth, or the achievement of the abundant life for all.

As we speak for the church we do so not in a prescriptive sense, as though laying down a law that all members must adhere to. We speak in the compelling moral sense of urging fellow churchmen to consider prayerfully what we are convinced is the will of God.

Responsible church bodies must speak for the church, to the church, and through the church to the world outside the church. Let us not be driven to silence by despair over our obvious fallibility on such matters. If fallible men must live with them, then fallible men can and must try to find a way through them.

It is better to be wrong than to be silent in the presence of a grave issue. Error is not difficult to explain or to understand among human beings. Silence is impossible to explain in terms other than faithlessness or cowardice. The national boards of United Methodism are a cross section of the great church, of which our separate yet united denominations are parts and, as such, they have both the right and the duty to speak on the issues committed to their care.

We bring to our meetings and church conferences every prejudice, passion, and sin found throughout the whole church—indeed, the entire world. But we bring more than that. We bring the spirit and conviction that our fathers before us brought to Nicaea, Trent, the Vatican Councils, and the assemblies of the World Council of Churches.

We are brought to conferences like these by faith that we are called of God to speak for him and for his church. It is well to be humbled by this responsibility, but let no one be fainthearted over it. For we also have heard the word in our generation, "Go prophesy to my people." □

JAMES WEISSMANN: *Student and commercial fisherman.*

RICHARD J. COOK: *A positive force in Viet Nam.*

UNUSUAL Methodists

EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD James Weissmann is the type of fellow small boys envy. He seems to have "everything" —his own boat (which he built himself), exciting relatives, and people who pay him for going fishing. He even has fun going to school.

As a freshman at Augustana College this past year, James made 3 miles of the 12-mile daily trip from his home in Hampton, Ill., to school in Rock Island in his 18 1/2-foot, flat-bottom boat.

With the school year behind him, he has begun another summer of commercial fishing—just below Lock and Dam 14 on the Mississippi River, not far from home. "My daily catch in 10 to 20 hoop nets averages about 100 pounds of buffalo," he says. He learned to fish and make his own tackle from "a bevy of old-time fishermen."

James's love of the river comes naturally. His great-grandfather was a fisherman by trade, and his grandfather and namesake, Captain James E. Maxwell, was a professional steamboat pilot on the Mississippi. His father, a medical doctor, also loves the river.

"I really like being on the river as much as possible," the energetic young man says. He will fish until ice interferes, which is usually in November. Some time before school starts, he and his dad will probably head down river to St. Louis for a ball game.

On land the Weissmanns attend Hampton United Methodist Church, where James is head usher. □

WHEN HE was assigned to Quang Tri City in South Viet Nam, Army Private, First Class, Richard J. Cook officially was involved in intelligence work. Unofficially he helped construct a church.

Another soldier had started building Quang Tri Protestant Church when Rich arrived, but his tour of duty ended before the task was complete. So Rich helped to complete the building in his spare time. He regularly wrote newsletters to his home church in Middletown, Calif., and to other interested people, describing the needs of the church—and of the 18 orphans the church's pastor, Philip Phi, had "collected." Now, thanks to Rich (and other servicemen), an orphanage-parsonage has been built, too; money raised to send 10 orphans to school; and at Christmastime there were gifts for orphans and for patients at a nearby hospital.

Rich's Viet Nam duty ended last October. He now is stationed at Fort Bragg, N.C., but his concern for Pastor Phi's congregation continues, and he sends money and boxes of needed items whenever possible.

After Fort Bragg, Rich probably will return to college to study forestry. He would like to try professional baseball, too. Last year Rich was voted lay speaker-at-large, at the suggestion of his district superintendent. Recently he received more honors—a military promotion to specialist 5 and the Army Commendation Medal for "meritorious service" in Viet Nam. □

FOR ALMOST 18 years Charles H. Henderson, Jr., has been "making the rounds" at the Methodist Hospital in Houston, Texas, cheering up patients, making phone calls, running errands—doing whatever he can to help patients. His work is unofficial and unpaid, but much appreciated by the members of the hospital staff. The hospital chaplain, for one, thinks Mr. Henderson's "off-the-cuff type of visits" often are more effective than calls made by clergymen.

Uncle Charley, as everyone calls him, vowed to help Methodist Hospital patients after his first wife died there in 1952. Hundreds of patients know that he has kept that promise. Out-of-town patients are given special attention by this dedicated volunteer.

Outside of his hospital work, Uncle Charley tends flowers on the "Single Tree Ranch," as he calls his five-acre plot. The retired construction foreman also has devoted much of his spare time to working with Alcoholics Anonymous (although he is not an alcoholic), and received his nickname from an AA member.

About two years ago Uncle Charley married one of the hospital ward clerks. Winona still works her 3 to 11 p.m. shift, and he continues his visiting, as they agreed they would do before they were married. They both attend First United Methodist Church in Houston. □

CHARLES H. HENDERSON, JR.: *Patients' friend.*

Speech Begins at Forty

By Dorothy Clarke Wilson

"I was trying desperately . . . to eject the word 'whisper.' Suddenly Everett snickered . . . After 40-odd years I can still feel the hot agony of my humiliation."

I HAVEN'T the slightest idea what caused my speech block. I was born right-handed. No terrifying beast pounced on me in the cradle. Except that I was an only child born late in my parents' life, my relationship with my family was normal. My parents were pleasantly firm but not dominating, and my ego never suffered any shock more violent than a healthy spanking.

True, a vivid imagination peopled my small world with devils as well as with angels and fairies, and I had exaggerated fears, often associated with death.

Such fears probably are natural enough in a child—but, just the same, I am a stammerer. Not the k-k-k-katy variety, which is stuttering, not stammering. No, the only repetition on consonants I indulge in is an occasional prolongation of *f* or *s*, resulting in an eruption resembling an

impudent "pfft!" My stammering is of the clamming-up variety. I tense my throat, clamp my jaws, hold my breath, and worry a few consonants and short vowels like a dog with a favorite bone.

Stammering is a physical infirmity. Yet we stammerers and stutterers are the butt of almost as many jokes as Scotchmen and mothers-in-law. Persons who would never dream of caricaturing a crippled limb think nothing of poking fun at the antics of a crippled tongue.

Perhaps the failure of most people to take us seriously is due to the apparent absurdity of our defect. It seems so utterly incomprehensible that anybody with a perfectly normal tongue should not be able to use it! I know from experience.

"I can't say 'butter,' " I used to explain glibly to a good-natured chum who might be persuaded to pinch-hit for me in a grocery store. She would eye me as if I were a rare specimen in a zoo. "But you just *said* it!"

You see? Nobody except another stammerer could possibly understand.

In these days a child with a speech block would be taken to a speech clinic and probably would be cured. But in the days when I grew up, speech clinics had not yet been born and psychiatry was still in diapers. You didn't have a speech block. You just stuttered.

Soon after I turned 40, I moved to a university town where a professor who specialized in speech therapy became a close friend. One day I asked him if he could do anything for me.

"No," he said bluntly. "You're too old."

Yet, since that time I have spoken in many public gatherings, presided at meetings, appeared creditably in both radio and television interviews, conducted classes and workshops at church and writers' institutes, and delivered more than 700 illustrated lectures before groups varying in size from 6 to 600. How? I'm not sure that I know the answer. I can only tell you my experience and let you be the judge.

Though I am sure I stammered nearly from infancy, my memory of the impediment dates back only to the age of seven. On a trip to Boston when my mother and I were lodging with friends, I wandered through a door into the wrong apartment and encountered a strange woman who obviously expected an explanation. I tried to give one: "I-I-I came up here . . . to f-f-find . . ."

I can still feel the shame and frustration as I stood there gasping and sputtering.

Because I lived on a farm and had to travel to and from school on a trolley car, I took my first two grades at home and entered school at the age of eight. It is in school that the sufferings of a stammerer really begin. Only once, however, do I remember being laughed at.

I was reciting in a reading class, standing and facing the teacher's desk as was the custom in our one-room, all-grade school. Everett, a boy slightly older than I whom I secretly admired, was sharpening his pencil by the teacher's wastebasket. I was trying desperately, doubtless with amusing facial contortion, to eject the word "whisper."

And suddenly Everett snickered. It was a kindly, good-natured snicker, yet after 40-odd years I can still feel the hot agony of my humiliation.

It was when I moved to a city and entered the eighth grade in a strange school that my tortures really began. Here I was doubly "odd"—both a stammerer and an outsider.

"Who is that poor little girl who stutters so?" I overheard one of my teachers asking another.

Spindly, unattractive, sallow faced, I was acutely conscious of all my shortcomings. My daily recitations, in a room containing two divisions of some 80 pupils, were epochs of misery. Yet not once from primary through high school did I ever ask to be excused or seek preferential treatment.

Then, suddenly, I began to create compensations. First I began to excel in scholarship. So much so that in high school (and later in college) even a *B* on my report card would have been a tragedy.

I DEVELOPED other compensating skills as well. I played the piano, had a flair for writing. Strangely enough also, I discovered that if I could learn a speech or recitation, completely lose myself in its theme, and employ an elocutionary style of delivery, I could sometimes get through a long declamation without a hitch. In fact, at my high-school graduation I delivered a 15-minute valedictory address on *American Ideals* before 2,000 people without a single evidence of stammering.

"There!" I can hear someone remark skeptically. "That proves it. You stammerers could talk as well as other people if you only thought you could. It's all in your mind."

Granted. So also is mental illness. But that makes the handicap no less real. And, like mental illness, it often expresses itself in physical symptoms. The stammerer is no more able to enunciate sounds which cause him difficulty *when* they cause him difficulty than the paralytic is able to move a useless limb.

So even though on Friday I might glibly deliver a dramatic recitation in English class, on Monday I would flounder helplessly when called on in the same class to analyze a simple sentence.

The compensations helped, but how I envied my lower-ranking classmates (yes, even the dumbest of them) for their incredible glibness! Keener far than the memories of *A*-plusses and of praised English compositions is the recollection of one night when I wept on my father's shoulder.

"Oh, if I could only talk like other people!"

In college, I performed creditably in volleyball and hockey, was woman champion of my class in tennis, and during vacations practiced six hours a day at the piano. And I acquired a heavy romantic interest.

Whether the man who later became my husband would have been equally attentive had he witnessed my agonies and contortions in the classroom, I shall never know. But, fortunately, he was a class ahead of me in college, and my difficulties were never very obvious in informal conversation. Moreover, he had a very sane sense of values so this handicap elicited from him only an unusual sympathy and understanding.

In college I asked to be excused from assignments involving formal public speaking, submitting additional written work.

This was for altruistic as well as selfish reasons for I was beginning to see that other people suffered from my infirmity almost as much as I did. Never shall I forget the agony in the face of one history professor when I

was trying to recite. While I stubbornly worried my difficult consonants and vowels, his eyes would dart frantically about the room like a frightened rabbit.

Even I am at a loss to know how to act in the presence of another stammerer. Should one frankly acknowledge his infirmity, joke about it, try to relieve his tension by helping to supply the difficult words? Or try to act as if it didn't exist? My experience indicates that the latter is the tacitly accepted procedure.

"You must be quite nervous," a teacher once remarked casually in the course of our conversation, and when I obtusely asked her why, she hemmed and hawed in obvious embarrassment and never did give a frank answer.

"Just be patient, I'll get it out sometime!" or a laughing "Sorry, this is hurting you a lot more than it's hurting me!" would clear the air immediately. Yes, and it would undoubtedly relax our own tensions and make it easier for us to talk. But we also have been conditioned to regard the subject as taboo. And of course this aggravates our difficulty.

My problems were by no means lessened when I was graduated from college and married a minister. It took me years to come to a sensible decision that it wasn't necessary for a minister's wife to do everything which her predecessors for the last 50 years had done.

"I'm sorry," I learned to say frankly. "It's difficult for me to do any public speaking—yes, even to read a few simple sentences. Foolish, I know, but that's the way it is when you stammer. You'll find, though, that there are other things I can do, and I'll be glad to do them."

PERHAPS that was the first step in partially conquering my handicap. A limitation, once accepted, ceases to be of prime importance. Still, we continued in a state of armed truce, my handicap and I, for some 15 or 20 years.

Then came what seemed to be a miracle. Like most "miracles" it came slowly, the result of natural, though perhaps unusual, causes.

I was 40 when I began writing and publishing religious novels. The moderate success they enjoyed thrust me into new situations where my stammering became an even more embarrassing liability. I was expected to give radio and television interviews, respond to introductions at luncheons, appear at book teas and other functions where some speaking was involved.

At first I sidestepped all such responsibilities, refused public interviews, and aroused ripples of amused surprise when I acknowledged introductions by merely rising, bowing, smiling, and sitting down.

But the moderate success had bolstered my self-confidence. I found that I could respond briefly, and without nervousness, to introductions. I managed a few informal remarks at functions where my books were reviewed. I even participated, with great trepidation, in a short informal radio interview.

Then, 20 years ago, the Methodist Board of Missions sent me to India to gather material for a novel. I came back charged with a world vision, an intense concern, and a wealth of color slides. It wasn't enough merely to write about my experience. I had to share it firsthand.

At first my husband gave lectures for me on India, using my slides and a script I had prepared. Soon, in my eagerness to share the experience, I was interpolating an addition here and there. Then came a day when my husband was unable to be present, so I showed the pictures, making all the comments myself. I did it again—and again—more than 200 times. Sometimes I had almost no difficulty. Sometimes I stammered rather badly, often before a small group rather than a large one. But I didn't let this matter too much. *For the first time in my life I had something really important to say, and I was the only one who could say it.*

I took other trips—to India again, to Palestine, to Egypt—which resulted in more such talks. I began conducting workshops in writing institutes both here and in other countries, even managing one in Mexico through an interpreter. I appeared on panels in television interviews. I taught study classes.

I am still a stammerer. I always will be. I have never yet attempted a long formal speech without pictures. Perhaps I never shall. I seldom attempt reading in public. I answer "Here" when everybody else responds "Present."

Some sounds remain habitual stumbling blocks—I still prefer eating dry bread to asking my neighbors at the table to "please pass the butter." And I would rather pay the extra fare to the next station beyond than ask for a ticket to Bethel or Biddeford.

Yet, for most practical purposes my enemy is conquered, for it has ceased to be important.

Two things have accomplished this for me, and they could do the same for others. Curiously enough, they seem paradoxical.

The first is *self-confidence*. Whether cause or result of stammering, a sense of inferiority is its inevitable ally. The stammerer needs the satisfactions of success and fulfillment in some area where he can gain the respect, if possible the admiration, of his fellows. In order to speak, he must know that he can speak with authority.

The second is *self-depreciation*. Though this seems a denial of the first requisite, it is progression rather than contradiction, for, after finding himself, the stammerer needs more than all else to lose himself. Having something to say, he must feel impelled to say it. This desire for expression must be stronger even than the fear of failure.

Success is the stammerer's most powerful curative. Once we have proved to ourselves that we can do it, the battle is half won. But only half. We must prove it to ourselves again and again.

At first, then, it is a good idea to concentrate on those experiences where you are most likely to succeed, that command your greatest enthusiasm.

Accept your handicap cheerfully. Don't hesitate to talk frankly about it. Above all, find something of vital importance to say and want more than anything else to say it. □

'I thought you were an atheist!'

On the 9th Street Beach (above), David Randolph and a young assistant get acquainted with the "congregation." Headquarters for their evangelism work, Open House (left) stands between a bathhouse and a shooting gallery along the always-crowded boardwalk of Ocean City beach.

"THE PLACE with the wildest reputation" among America's youths. That was *Time* magazine's description of Ocean City, N.J., in 1966—the year Dr. David Randolph and a group of seminarians from United Methodist-related Drew University decided to witness to Christ among young surfers and bored boardwalk walkers in Ocean City. The seven adults who developed the

Workdays begin early for staff members. Most are seminarians from Drew University's School of Theology. Some are young people who became involved in Open House activities in previous summers. "We lived, loved, suffered and rejoiced together," one staffer says of the beach work.

project began by first finding a place where they could both live and work. They chose an old three-story building and promptly dubbed it the Open House.

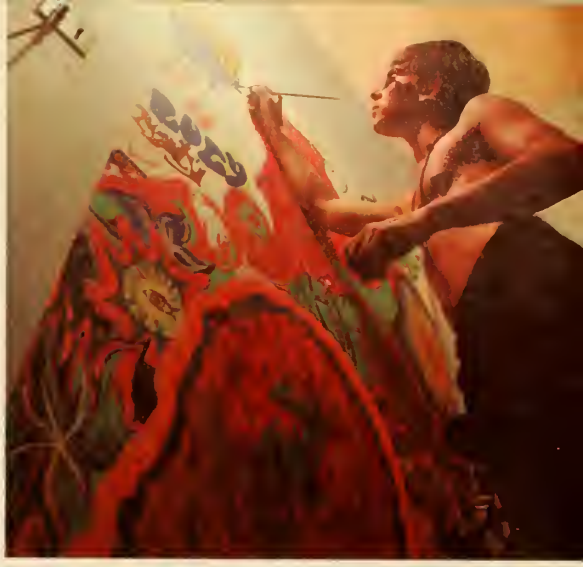
"We took as our model the parable in Luke 14, in which the community of faith is pictured as an open house," explains Dr. Randolph, a former Drew faculty member now on the United Methodist Board of Evangelism staff. (On the beach he's known as Dave.) "We decided to live in a community of faith, to have an open house where life was celebrated, that our 'good news' is that through Christ life *can* be celebrated."

Again this summer Open House will be open 24 hours a day, from June until Labor Day. Its adult staff, augmented by concerned young people, invites all "who are having fun and want to have more, who are in trouble and are looking for a way out, who want to deepen their understanding of life" to stop by the house. If the experience of the past three summers is a reliable indicator, they will come by the hundreds.

Ocean City is a "dry" town. But three miles away, across Great Egg Harbor Bay, is "very wet" Somers Point. Young adults who enjoy Ocean City during the day often "make the scene" in Somers Point's "beer and broads" society at night.

"We knew from the beginning that a comprehensive ministry for young adults here would have to embrace Somers Point, too," Dave points out. So in the heart of the Somers Point go-go district they opened the Fish Market—a poster shop, book shop, and conversation center—designed for persons who want something more than drinks and entertainment.

The Ocean City beach program seems to attract young people in spite of themselves. "Early in July I ran into them [Open House staff members] on the beach," one fellow explained. "I was very antagonistic, but by the end of summer I didn't have time to do



Late evening is the time for folk singing and informal discussions at Open House. At left, a group led by Dr. Randolph and the Rev. James Lyles discusses the personal implications of the Kerner Report. Mike Mintzak, 18, from Villanova, Pa., decorates an Open House wall (above) with psychedelic designs. Lights often burn into early morning hours as young people sit on the porch (below) discussing everything from dope to discipleship. "It's a type of communication with God that doesn't seem possible in churches," one participant said wistfully.

The Fish Market at Somers Point is a poster shop staffed by Open House people. "We're reaching for people who aren't going to spend their lives doing church work," one student explains. "It's a matter of life style."

anything except be at the house." Dave describes the project's success in terms of "miracles" he has seen.

"There is Susan—talented and troubled. She joins the Open House and, finding acceptance, begins to give ...of her talent. She looks like a new person. She is.

"There is George who is brilliant, articulate. In the beginning he 'knows' that God is dead, the church is defunct, Jesus is a phony. At the end of the summer George stands on the sand and preaches. A girl passes by and, recognizing him, cries out, 'I thought you were an atheist!' 'I was,' replies George, 'but I have changed.'

"If out of a whole summer just one of these miracles had taken place, it would have been more than worth all our efforts," Dave concludes. —MARTHA A. LANE

As one teen-ager explained, young people are attracted by the Fish Market poster shop because "We are interested in art and intellectual stimulation which we cannot find at home."

What's Wrong With Father

By James W. Guthrie

ON MOTHER'S DAY you can ply your mother with gifts and she'll turn more or less melty and sweet like ice cream. But on Father's Day it's a different story. No potted plant or box of chocolates is going to buy him off.

What's wrong with Father is hard to put a finger on. He's a lot of things other people aren't: a carver of peach-seed monkeys, chipper of arrowheads, collector of things rusty.

He's one of those short wiry characters, tough for their size. As far back as I can remember, he has never traveled at a walk if he could get there at a stomp, especially when somebody's trying to record some music on tape.

He invents transgressions nobody ever heard of.

He lets things go.

One summer he kept the weed killer in an oil can, finding that one drop would wilt a dandelion in minutes. That same summer Mother oiled an oscillating fan —and wilted the family within minutes.

He has turned the garage into what may be a historical institution. Aside from deer horns and 500 kinds of barbed wire on display boards, the walls are hung with Indian relics, Mexican spurs, bean pots, lanterns, a copper washtub, and a hornet's nest from Indiana. He won't let you touch any of it. But he'll sell it to you.

For almost a decade he's been rankled by the gradual disappearance of hats with a brim big enough to mold rakishly over one eyebrow. He will go bareheaded before he'll put on the brimless headware so common to the business world—and bareheaded in *his* case is pretty bare.

There's no doubt in his mind that politics haven't been on the right track since Polk was president.

He has never learned to cuss casually or with any real eloquence. One exception occurred in the dark of night. The bedroom door must have blown shut sometime before he got up and started through it at a stomp. His big toe met the door as a hammer meets a gong and the airwaves rang with new phrasing of old favorites. That flash of talent failed to last, however, and even today foul words come hard to him.

He won't eat pizza on a bet.

He dozes off in the middle of those long, earnest, significant talks about the generation gap.

Seven years he can share his daily bread and celery with the family parakeet, and then when the time comes he buries his friend under the pinon tree in the rock garden and without a word makes a little cross for a grave marker.

You can't change these people, and I'm through trying. No more chipping in on Father's Day for another snappy little executive's hat. No more books on governmental affairs. This year just a card with a hunting scene or a subscription renewal to *Barbed Wire Journal* or maybe some hickory-chip fuel for the trout-smoker.

Besides, you can't afford to be too critical about Father's traits. Some of them might be hereditary. Come to think of it, I wouldn't mind that at all. □

By BEVERLY HENNEN VAN HOOK

I'm Surviving House

FOUR YEARS ago I resigned my job as a college-alumni editor to take up one of the most feared, idealized, controversial, and complained-about ways of life in our society. I became an American housewife.

I had been curious about the housewife's lot for some time. My college graduation had coincided with the furor over Betty Friedan's book *The Feminine Mystique*. The American woman, everyone suddenly seemed to have realized, was going through an identity crisis. Housewives —especially educated housewives— were restless, frustrated, bored, underdeveloped, unhappy, dowdy, and wasted. And every third co-ed, it seemed, was telling a national magazine that *she* did not intend to spend the rest of *her* life changing diapers.

Of course, curiosity was not the only reason I joined the ranks of the broom-carrying diaper-changers. For one thing, I was married. For another, our first baby was on the way. Third, and awful, we were poor. If I was not going to be out there in the world earning money to pay for ironing ladies, cleaning ladies, restaurant meals, and the like, then by default I had to be at home doing the ironing, cleaning, cooking, and attending to other household duties.

Still, all the shouting about housewives did intrigue me. Suddenly cut off from school and job for the first time since the age of six, would my soul droop, my wit wither, my waistline grow?

The first two weeks were lovely. During the third week I went to a party and disappeared.

I did not literally disappear, of course. I knew I was still there, but I was convinced that nobody else did. People did not seem to see me any more. At least, they did not see me as an individual. It was as if the stereotyped image of a housewife cloaked me in anonymity.

As the weeks passed I realized that my stock had dropped at meetings, parties, or any place else where I met people for the first time. I had never had trouble striking up conversations with strangers before, but now I had to stand on my head to keep the other fellow from drifting away to the punch bowl. I was a housewife, and everyone knows how dull they are. Even housewives say they try to avoid other housewives at parties. I have said it myself.

Never had I experienced prejudice before, and even such a mild form of it was enlightening. I found myself trying too hard and too loudly to prove myself, searching for ways to mention that I had been to college, too, that I had lived by my wits, too, that I had been a person, too—once. Eventually I began to imagine slights and magnify indifference.

Hand in hand with invisibility came loss of status. At church, my husband (same alma mater, same degree as mine) was asked to head the finance committee's publicity drive; I was asked to work in the nursery.

I did not think working in the nursery was beneath me; I enjoyed it. But it illustrates that when a woman becomes a housewife, she must prove her nondomestic abilities all over again. For the woman who is good at selling herself, this is easy. For the quieter, more modest woman, it takes longer. And, sadly, for the immature woman who begins to see herself as others see her, it may never happen at all.

Housewifery brought other problems, too.

It is hard work.

A panel of physicians and psychiatrists made a study to find out why so many housewives complain of fatigue. Is it psychological? Not enough sex? Too much sex? Poor eating habits? Lack of exercise? Boredom? After extensive research the panel determined that the number one reason housewives complain of fatigue is *they are tired*.

Granted, some women make housework harder for themselves with ridiculously high standards and poor work habits. But I have ridiculously low standards and fairly efficient work habits, and I still work 70 hours a week.

Just feeding, changing, and bathing the baby, washing her clothes, and fixing her formula took 35 hours a week until she was three months old. After I had finished all these things, then I was free to dust, wax,

vifery—I Think

wash, iron, mend, cook, wash dishes, write letters, clean the stove, defrost the refrigerator, scour the tub, shop, wash windows, polish silver, entertain, and clean crumbs out of the toaster. No time off for holidays, weekends, vacations, or good behavior.

And there was that occupational hazard women fear most: dowdiness. Conditions at home are ripe for it. For some 20 years I had jumped up every morning and trotted off to school or work. Fear of public ridicule, if nothing else, had forced me into a modicum of good grooming.

Now pressure was off. Nobody was around in the morning except Hugh Downs and the baby. He could not see me, and she did not care. I began to slip a little.

Then I gained four pounds. Food was so accessible. It was so easy to snack while I wrote out the grocery list, to sip a soft drink while I ironed. And it was so hard to diet when I practically lived in the kitchen. The specter of the dumpy, dowdy housewife returned again and again to haunt me.

Grooming was not the only area where the outside pressure was off. The biggest pitfall I faced was that suddenly, for the first time in my life, I was pretty much my own boss.

The work was demanding, but there was nobody but myself to decide how much energy I should devote to it. I had to organize my time

without the old, familiar pressures to prod and coax me into stretching my mind and soul and getting the job done.

I could drum up self-discipline—or I could sit there and stagnate. Sometimes I stagnated.

When problems of being a housewife really engulfed me, I shored up my spirits with two reminders. First, I remembered that I had had problems when I worked for the department store, the gift shop, the flower shop, the supermarket, the cafeteria, the yard-goods store, the newspaper, the credit union, the hospital, and the college. I had even had problems when I washed walls for a French-Canadian landlady. Therefore, I reasoned, all jobs must have some disadvantages. Second, I realized that housewifery, as did all those other jobs, had its high spots. Sometimes they more than made up for the low ones.

One: I had fun.

On cold, snowy mornings, after I kissed my husband good-bye, I sat down with a second cup of coffee and read the morning paper from Ann Landers to the front page.

I visited the museum and the art gallery and bought my first original painting.

I went for a walk, did a dance, sang a song, and stood on my head, whenever I wanted to.

I went on a business trip with my husband, to Minneapolis.

I rocked my daughter, read stories to her, took her for walks in the sunshine, took her picture, let her smell my perfume, cut her hair, comforted her when she fell, supervised her "play" with her first friend, and showed her rabbits and squirrels outside our window.

Two: I learned something.

I read 25 books. Before I became a housewife I had been an undisciplined reader: I would read all night and half of the next day, until my eyes burned, my back was stiff, and my disposition was short. Then I would not pick up a book for two weeks. With all the responsibilities of wife, mother, and housekeeper I had to discipline myself to read only half an hour a day (not counting newspapers and magazines). As a result, I have read more and, I think, more intelligently.

Because of my invisibility problem, I was jolted into examining my own prejudices and renewing my resolve to judge people as individuals. I learned not to be prejudiced in other ways, too. I used to be fond of announcing: "I never watch television." Housewives cannot afford such snobbishness because they cannot afford to miss anything good, and snobs miss a great deal.

Housewives must look for the good and stimulating in books, magazines, radio, television, and anywhere else they find it. Soap operas and quiz shows still send me screaming from the room, but there is more good television in any given week than I have time to watch. And almost every season some network accidentally runs a quality daytime show.

I learned to keep values clearly before me. I discovered I rarely had time to drink coffee with the neighbors, go to afternoon bridge parties, or get involved in long telephone conversations. I tried to keep the house clean and orderly, but I could not afford to make it a shining showplace to impress the neighbors.

My husband and I did not care about living in a showplace; and impressing the neighbors, though tempting at times, did not rate a priority.

Three: I did something.

I cooked my first dinner for 20 people.

I joined the League of Women Voters.

I wrote my senators and congressmen for the first time.

Now and then I had the opportunity to help a friend, neighbor, or member of the community in a small way.

I worked for a state fair-housing law.

I wrote three magazine articles.

Four: I woke up a little.

When our daughter Andrea was born, I became haunted by all the babies as helpless and precious as she who did not have good food, a warm, cozy place to sleep, and someone to change their clothes, keep them clean, and hold them.

What if she were like that? something inside me kept asking, and

Andrea and these other babies sometimes changed places in my mind. When I confided this to a friend, she assured me: "You'll get over it." But I hope I never do. I think the experience has changed me, and I hope the change is lasting. It is painful to be aware of the suffering in the world, and no feeling is quite as uncomfortable as that persistent, nagging feeling that "you must do something." But the alternative, unawareness, is unthinkable. It is the same thing as not being alive at all.

In spite of the many advantages to being a housewife, some women are bitterly unhappy in housewifery. Other women thrive on it. Why?

I think the answer is timing. As written in Ecclesiastes (3:1), "For everything there is a season." The life of a housewife can be a great opportunity if a girl is ready for it, and a terrible trap if she is not.

To be ready she needs three things: self-discipline, maturity, and practicality.

People say the housewife's life lacks intellectual and cultural stimulation. This is not exactly so. Stimulation is available, but it cannot be soaked up by osmosis as in the classroom and office. It has to be sought and that takes a heap of discipline.

The housewife must be alive to the opportunities for intellectual growth in her daily life. Watching a young child master building with blocks for the first time, aside from being cute (darling if the child is yours), is an exciting experience for the intellectually curious. The rub is that it does not *appear* to be intellectual, and many women are far more interested in appearing to have intellectual growth than they are in actually having it. At the opposite extreme are the women who wallow in their experience as wife and mother and become so smugly superior that they no longer feel the need to explore the world outside their kitchen doors.

The happy housewife rejects the fallacy that homelife is a bore, and the fallacy that it exempts her from becoming actively involved in the world around her. She is smart enough to take her joy where she finds it, cherishing the joys at home and the excitement of participating in the world outside. And she is self-disciplined enough to do the organizing and hard work that makes it possible for her to have both a happy home and meaningful participation outside.

The intelligent girl who marries before she is formed as a person is in danger of remaining in a state of arrested development. There is plenty of opportunity for a housewife to develop her talents and abilities if she is mature enough to know what she wants from life, but the daily life of a housewife is solitary and so demanding that it is difficult for a woman to achieve this maturity after marriage, particularly if she has children right away. Outside stimulants are not around to help her, and if she is serious in her commitment to her family, her freedom of experience is limited. An exceptionally strong woman can overcome these obstacles, but most of us could not.

The most miserable housewives I have known are the unusually intelligent ones who married too young, before they were mature enough to develop a solid interest of their own. Consciously or unconsciously, they married *in place* of developing that interest. They are good of heart and quick of wit. They work like whirlwinds for clubs. They polish their houses, their children, and themselves to impress people they do not like. And they fill up the void in their minds with pettiness and envy.

They are self-disciplined, all right. They admire efficiency, even worship it. But what are they efficient about? Efficiently they are using up their intellect, their energy, their hearts, and their lives doing things that neither make them happy nor satisfy their needs as individual persons. They do not know who they are. They ran away to marriage before they discovered themselves.

No one is completely mature, of course, but there should come a time in every woman's life when she hammers out at least a partial set of values of her own. This is when she looks at herself and knows she is not just a reflection in the eyes of mama, papa, fiance, husband, schoolmates, or friends. It is when she admits to

herself that she does not want to learn to knit, that picketing is not for her, that she wants six children, that she doesn't want any children, that she is going to be a nurse, or interior decorator, or businesswoman, or actress, or community leader—or die trying.

I am convinced that if an intelligent girl finishes college and works for a couple of years before marrying, she learns to see herself as a person, and she finds some of the answers to that most difficult of questions: What do I really want from life? Then when she marries, her activity can flow from genuine interest, and her life will have the zest of finding, then giving, herself.

It seems to me most of the discussion swirling around the plight of the American Woman misses the boat. It views her problems as philosophical when essentially they are practical. If there is a question at all, it should be: Should every individual be given the freedom to choose his or her own goal in life, abundant information to help in the choice, and the challenge to work like the very devil to reach it?

I think the answer is yes.

Once a woman has made her choice freely and has committed herself to a marriage of love, the mothering of several happy children, the making of a pleasant home, and the extension of her life outside the home through career, community service, sports, or what have you, then her problems are no longer philosophical. They are practical. The question, clearly, is how.

By and large, it is the mother who is responsible for the day-in, day-out care of children. This will, and should, take up a good deal of her time and energy. If she is not joyfully committed to devoting this time, thought, and energy to a child, she should not have one. But this does not mean she must give up everything else.

The practical woman knows she will be a better mother and a happier person if she plans when she shall have children.

The practical woman knows that a mother's life, like Gaul, is divided into three parts: preschool children, schoolchildren, and grown children. She tailors her outside interests accordingly. It may only be an hour-a-day holding action in the first period, but it can grow.

The practical woman also tailors her career aims to her family. Some would call this a compromise. I call it a deeper commitment.

Most of all, the practical woman knows that while her family needs her in many demanding ways, it does not really care if she personally folds the towels and waxes the kitchen. When money is scarce, she cheerfully does this work herself. When money becomes more plentiful, she is smart enough to shun expensive luxuries for such nitty-gritty time-savers as diaper service, dishwasher, an ironing lady, a cleaning lady, self-defrosting refrigerators, self-cleaning stoves, fancy frozen foods, and eating out.

All this does not mean that a woman who is disciplined, mature, and practical will have no problems as a housewife. That Pollyanna I am not.

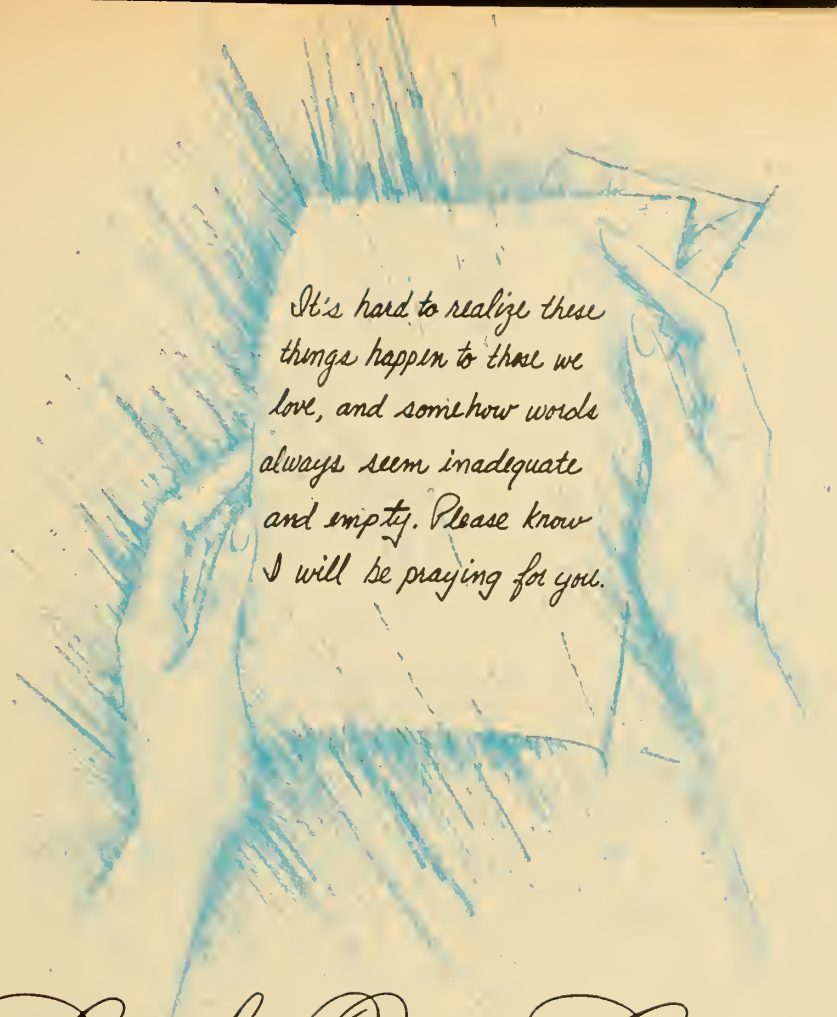
Like other ways of a woman's life, housewifery has problems created by outside circumstances, and all the planning, preparing, adapting, and stiff-upper-lipping in the world cannot turn it into Utopia.

Changes in society could make life better for the housewife. Colleges and universities could help housewives, and others, continue their education through branch universities, broadened correspondence courses, and more flexible requirements. Modern economical housekeeping services would not hurt. Neither would a national campaign to get employers to hire married women on the basis of how much quality work they can do on time rather than on how conventional their work habits are.

Meanwhile, there are few utopian jobs available, and I have a growing suspicion this is the way it is supposed to be.

Whatever the nebulous, ubiquitous term "fulfilled" means, it must involve working hard at something you love—or playing hard, which is almost the same thing. The test of a way of life is the way a day is spent. During my first years as a housewife, almost every day has been spent doing some good, hard, physical work; enjoying that precious, fleeting camaraderie between mother and very young child; reading; studying and stewing about the issues of the world; doing a favor for a friend—or receiving one; taking a walk; looking at something beautiful; cooking for my family; and struggling along at the typewriter.

Somehow, in an unglamorous, completely elementary way, I have managed to succeed better than ever before at Thoreau's "getting down to the marrow of life." I have worked hard at a great many things I love, and being a housewife is a fortunate, difficult, joyful way of life for me. I recommend it. □



So Little One Can Say

By MERIAL OLSSON SCOTT

EIGHT YEARS ago my late husband, Gordon, a young pediatrician, died of cancer.

During his long illness, people frequently stopped me on the street to inquire about him, to offer their sympathy, and to express their willingness to help. "I think about him so often," they would say. "I wish there were something I could say."

But when I suggested writing him a note, they began to flounder. "I'm so poor at expressing myself," they would tell me.

The more honest ones admitted they didn't know what to say.

Letter-writing *is* difficult, especially when we are attempting to put emotions into words. And so, because we fear being misunderstood or suffering self-embarrassment at revealing our innermost feelings, we offer only a frustrated silence—our hearts ache for the friend or loved one living on life's fringe, but the stricken patient never knows we have cared, or wept, or prayed.

Usually, we settle for loving deeds to communicate our concern: we bake a cake, offer to do the ironing or take the children to the movies, send flowers, loan our portable TV. But still, we are haunted by the question, "Does he really know how much I care? If only there were something I could say. . . ."

There *is* a great deal you can say —although no one can tell you exactly what to include in your letter.

Your Gordon may be 12 or 38 or 72; he may be a Fred or John—or a Susan or an Elizabeth. He may know the nature of his illness or he may not; he may be discouraged or hopeful, deeply religious or an agnostic; you may be his father or his son, an old college sweetheart, the leader of his daughter's Girl Scout troop, his boss, or an usher in his church. But you care about him, or it wouldn't grieve you to hear of his illness.

The exact *words* you use to express your emotions are of little concern to the isolated, lonely, frightened sufferer and his family. That you *do* care means everything to them. Therefore, don't refrain from giving them this assurance just because you can't find the right words. To the heart hungry for love, can the lover say anything wrong?

Let the supposedly tongue-tied, hesitating letter writer be encouraged from these excerpts from first paragraphs of a few of the messages which meant the most to us. There

is nothing polished about any of them, though one came from a minister, one from an English major, and one from a published poet. One said:

"It was with sad hearts that we learned the nature of Gordon's illness. We are ready to do anything we can to lighten your load or to help smooth the rough places in your path."

Another message was more direct but was just as appreciatively received:

"It is hard to realize these things happen to those we love, and somehow words always seem inadequate and empty. Please know I will be praying for you."

In fact, what is wrong with simply saying, "Dear Gordon, I'm sorry"? Countless people did just that in so many words. This letter was typical:

"Bill and I are so terribly sorry to hear the news of your grave illness, and would like you to know our prayers will be added to the many that are being said for you."

You may feel at times that your words fail you, but remember that your friend is fighting against the failure of his strength and courage, his health and his faith.

If you've prayed for him, don't merely tell him, "You are in my *thoughts*." The possibility that you and the infirm never got around to discussing your religious beliefs has no bearing upon the fact that you prayed for him last night.

If speaking of and to God is an unfamiliar practice with you, but you did it anyway, don't water down the extent to which you have gone in his behalf by telling him that you are merely thinking about him.

Once over the hurdle of the first paragraph, many of our correspondents continued as in any other letter —telling news of themselves and incidents of their family.

Especially welcome were the bits of humor they related from the domestic scene. Most ill people, I believe, are happier when they have thoughts which divert their minds from their own problems. They enjoy the feeling that they are still in touch with the world. Remember, a chuckle is good medicine for the spirit!

There are other ways, too, of ministering to your ill friend through your letter. Whoever he is, young and unknown or old and successful, you can do nothing finer for his morale than to pay him a sincere compliment.

Words so simple—"I've always admired the way you have of making people feel at ease"—are food for the soul. The individual's regret at leaving the mainstream of life will be less perhaps, because someone has helped him to see his influence still pulsing through the current.

Such a comment as "Your courage in the face of pain is an inspiration to everyone," can replenish a nearly exhausted supply of courage for some time.

If there is an especially happy memory of an incident shared together with your friend, recall it with pleasure. He will be gratified to discover he has made a lasting impression, and in reliving the moment, he will be reminded that life has given him many rich and rewarding experiences.

Husbands, don't make your wives be the family representative if the friendship was originally more yours than hers. When she writes "we" and means "you," and "ours" to express feelings which are primarily hers, the patient knows this.

A few lines in your own handwriting on the bottom of her letter will register your personal concern much more fully.

Even though the closest object of your concern may be a member of the patient's family, if you know him at all, write to the invalid also.

You will be helping your friend to minister to his loved one. How much happier to be able to say, "Here's a letter from Hank" or "Listen to this news from Edna," than to have to pass along greetings secondhand: "Hank says to tell you. . ."

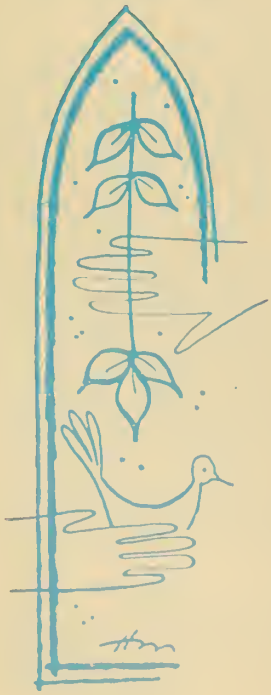
And never squelch the impulse to communicate with someone you scarcely know. We expect support from our friends, but to realize a mere acquaintance has cared enough to take the time to pen a note is to experience the sweetness of life in the midst of its bitterness.

Once you have written, a sense of release will come in knowing that you have done something, however small, to lift someone else's load. And in so doing, your own has become lighter.

But don't forget that your friend's load is still there for him to bear—weeks and sometimes years from now. So write him again in a month, again and yet again.

Until he has been restored to health or released by death, your words will continue to tell him, "I care. You are important to me."

There is so much, really, that one can say. □



PREACH TO ME, PREACHER

By Helen S. Clarkson

Please don't chat with me of peace
Of mind, nor list 10 rules
For happiness. Teach me,
Take me by the hand and lead me
Back to what I know but do forget:
That all my being was created
To receive the love of God,
Not to hold for my felicity
But to pour forth upon
His other children, my beloved
Siblings; thus with joy, return
That love to Him.

Left for Dead

By LAWRENCE E. HODGE
Associate Minister
Central United Methodist Church
Muskegon, Michigan

A WELL-EDUCATED man, tweaked by his conscience, asked Jesus: "If I am to love my neighbor as myself, who is my neighbor?"

This was, on the surface, an honest question. He wanted to know how far his responsibility extended, who was worthy of his generous assistance.

But Jesus knew that the smart lawyer was using the question as a stall. Perhaps by creating discussion he could put off duty. So Jesus recalled the questioner to the *essential* question: not "Who is my neighbor?" but "How does one *be* the neighbor?"

They were both dealing with the same issue, but the lawyer was thinking of himself, and Jesus wanted him to view love from the eyes of the victim. The lawyer sought to excuse himself, but Jesus wanted the intelligent young man to move from aloof discussion to physical involvement.

How to Be a Neighbor

By a simple, artless story Jesus gets our minds past argument to a truth that even children can understand. He uses figures from common experience. In fact, the four persons of Jesus' parable are likely to go unnoticed because they are so common.

A man is making the lonely descent from Jerusalem to Jericho, 17 miles away. It is a notoriously dangerous trip because of frequent highway robberies. Not surprisingly, then, the man is overtaken by robbers. He apparently tries to defend himself for he is beaten and left for dead.

A professionally religious man comes upon the scene, yet he passes by on the other side as though not noticing. He knows that people are waiting for him for morning prayers at the Temple. He has a schedule to keep, and he already has been delayed. He knows himself to be the representative of the people to God. They *expect* him to officiate at public gatherings.

A second man, a Levite, happens along the path. This fellow is also common to our experience—a busy church worker. He is the church custodian who takes care of the offices and the sanctuary. He arranges the altar flowers, runs off the Sunday bulletin, and carries the keys to the doors. Besides all that, the Levite is also an authority able to translate and teach the Law of God. As he passes the victim in the ditch, he remembers that people are waiting for his lecture in the Temple court. And so it is more convenient to pass by on the other side. Besides, the man might be dead, and a Levite must not defile himself by touching a corpse.

A third man happens by. In reading the story, we fully expect to have Jesus say that the third man is a generous Jewish layman in contrast with the selfish professionals. But, no, he is alien.

He is not listed in the social register. Even though he is a stranger in town, he has not joined the Newcomers Club. He has strange religious habits, and he doesn't keep the holy days. He wears sandals and a beard and hitchhikes from town to town. He seeks no political power, so he can't be bought. All he has are goods to take to market.

But this is the man who has compassion. Without a first-aid kit, he nevertheless helps. Perhaps he tears up his own garments for bandages, and from his own wares he applies oil to soothe the wounds and wine to disinfect. Then the good Samaritan hoists the victim onto his own beast and carries him to an inn. He loses a day in his journey, pays for the victim's keep in advance, and promises to stop in on the way back.

Thus, in a poignant tale, Jesus holds up for us an essential truth of the gospel: God's love is embodied in the right nowness, the spontaneity of meeting human need.

The love of God in Christ is so. Without excuse or delay, Jesus reached across the barriers of race hate, time, class war, and religious preference to rescue us when we were left for dead. It is the immediacy, the intuitive fellow-feeling that is gospel. Not all of us are capable of elaborate logical process—thank God the gospel doesn't depend upon our reasoning powers. The Kingdom has come upon those who instinctively *know* the will of God in a situation and *do* it without pause.

When, like the lawyer, we stall and ask, "How far ought my generosity to extend?" Jesus won't even allow the question. He knows that we know. Our neighbors are the same people around whom we have built our very best excuses for *not* helping!

How Love Responds

The lesson, then, is: As is the gospel, so must the gospelers be. We must cultivate instinctive fellow-feeling and freedom to act. Love is always self-explanatory. Even the most love-starved person recognizes it when it comes. Simply to talk about love is to deny its essential character.

Love responds immediately, without regard to class. One of the major difficulties of the priest and Levite is their class consciousness. They are thinking of themselves and their status, not of the man left for dead. By contrast,

The Prodigal Son—woodcut by the Rev. Howard W. Ellis

the Samaritan thinks of himself automatically as a fellow human being.

Love responds spontaneously, without regard to expense. The Samaritan is not extravagant. He spends no more than he has to. But he does all that is necessary. He doesn't ask whether the victim has insurance or if the costs of his services will be reimbursed.

Love responds instinctively, without a parade of piety. The Samaritan does not wait for the press to arrive for pictures. Neither does he check the latest poll to see whether his action would achieve consensus. He does not even wait for more-experienced help to arrive. What the Samaritan does is aimed *solely* at the man in his distress. He does not even take sidelong glances to see if God is looking. He just acts in the victim's behalf.

As Gunter Bornkamm, a New Testament scholar, writes, "Love . . . which does not really love the other person for his own sake but for the sake of God is not real love." Why? Because love with its eye on the grandstand has lost its spontaneity. It has given way to considerations.

I have always suspected something essentially awry with the easy truisms expressed by many church people. A current example is that "the poor wouldn't be poor if they'd only get out and work." This common burst of frustration displays a certain ignorance on the part of the complainer, for he overlooks a causal relation between malnutrition and mental retardation.

But such a statement displays an attitude worse than ignorance. It is the same as the self-righteous liberal who stands in the corner beating his breast for the "plight of the poor." Neither conservative nor liberal *does* anything. Each is content to *discuss* the matter.

So it is with the men left for dead when we feel that discipleship requires of us only to bring the subject up. To have talked about the victims of this world, we feel, is somehow to have helped them.

Intuition is lacking. That is the essential evil. Instinctive yes-saying is replaced by instinctive excuse-making. I thought of this recently when I was asked to help look for lodging for a migrant woman. I called at least six persons, and each had legitimate excuses for not housing her. Only one or two responded instinctively, wanting to say yes. No one dared put out his well-fed visiting relatives for the sake of someone in greater need. We who pride ourselves on having been healed by Christ have not yet gained the vision and insight we claim. We must go beyond debate to discipleship. We must become willing to be fools for Christ's sake.

Instead of bemoaning the long, dirty hair on some of the young people, maybe we should cut our names out of the social register and give ourselves to the youth. Perhaps your council of churches would like to sponsor a youth club. Can it find the help? Your local cemetery is a symbol of the choice before us. There is no more time to stand indecisively, in the middle of the road.

A Hint of the Gospel

A parable has a hint of what God is like. Some parables have what we call a Christ figure. They depict the "Son of Man" and suggest what his rule will be like. In the parable of the prodigal son, God is compared to a generous and patient father who forgives his wayward son.

In the parable of the good Samaritan there is a Christ figure. It is not the priest or the Levite. Is it the Samaritan? I had always thought so until I read a very disturbing word of Jesus in Matthew 25:31-46.

Those who least expect to be received into the Kingdom are the ones who are received. Jesus said that in as much as they had done service to a victim, they had done it unto their Lord. Jesus identified with the prisoner, the hungry, the thirsty, and the sick—those who are strangers and destitute.

The real Christ figure of the parable is the victim—the man left for dead! Just as Jesus was left for dead outside a city wall many years ago, he is being left for dead in our century. And he will rise again. He will be healed. That is why God is not fooled: he looks at us through the eyes of the victim.

Similarly the church, like its Master, is being left for dead. There are unconvinced people passing by on the other side. But the ancient body of Christ itself faces a new age of vitality.

God is always in the face of one left for dead. That is why he is not fooled. That is why we must quit fooling ourselves and, perhaps faltering at first, learn a new walk. We must learn the unsung discipline of *being* a neighbor. Even if we do not now recognize the fact of Christ in the distorted brokenness of our world, we must look again. Christ is there: where intuition, immediacy, instinctive urgency for saying "yes" is the response to those who are left for dead. □

Your Faith

Beginning with this issue, Bishop James S. Thomas assumes the responsibility of answering questions from readers about "Your Faith." It is an assignment ably handled for the past 11 years by Bishop T. Otto Nall. Bishop Thomas, elected in the former Methodist Church, has served as episcopal leader in Iowa since 1964. Address questions to him in care of TOGETHER, 1661 N. Northwest Highway, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068. —Your Editors

Should the Bible have a special place in church?

✠ Certainly, the Holy Bible should not be carelessly laid around. It should be placed where it can be used and where it can symbolize the sacredness of God's Word.

And so, for most Protestant churches, a good place is on the pulpit for the use of ministers, or in hymn racks for the use of the congregation. The Bible is not to be worshiped or to be left unopened. It is to be honored as that which represents God's Word to men through other men, and it is for this and every age. A baby may swallow a diamond because he is not aware of its value. In like manner, some may disrespect or ignore the Bible because it seems to be an antiquated or curious book.

But the Bible is the living Word of God —to be read, respected, and heeded.

What is justification by faith?

✠ This fundamental doctrine involves important concerns such as the righteousness of God, the inability of man to attain right relations with God by just "trying hard," and the Christ-centered faith which justifies men in God's sight.

The Bible clearly sets forth God's righteousness: "Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?" (Genesis 18:25). God is merciful, but he does not bend to meet our whimsical standards of right. Human experience, for each one of us, amply documents our inability to achieve righteousness by law or by our effort alone. What we cannot attain by effort, God freely gives by grace. But his grace is not cheap.

Justification by faith always means that we accept God's promise seriously and respond to his gift of salvation by our acceptance, our repentance, our faith, and our life (Romans 4:5).

Must Christians believe literally in the Resurrection?

✠ If one means every detail of the several Resurrection stories, the question is open to debate. However, one fact shines through: Jesus' disciples were so sure of his living presence that they literally turned the world upside down for his sake.

When it became necessary, some of them gave their lives—something men do not do on the basis of open debate or sentimental illusion. If Christ did not conquer death, then this greatest of all mysteries is the deepest of tragedies. Whatever one's particular view of the Resurrection, there can be no Christianity without a living Christ.

Letters

'PALESTINE IS JEWISH; CHRISTIANS MUST ACCEPT THAT'

A. C. Forrest's article *Exiles From the Promised Land* [April, page 50] brought to mind this parable:

A man inherited from his father a beautiful home. It was his only possession and he cherished it with all his heart. It happened that the man was called away and while he was gone, he fell upon hard times. He was imprisoned, starved, and cruelly abused. The only thing that kept him alive was the memory of his beautiful home. Finally, after many years, he reached his home again only to find that his neighbors, thinking him dead, had moved into the house and refused to leave. To whom did the house really belong?

Which of us would not say that the house belonged to the man who had inherited it? So it is with Palestine. No length of occupancy by the Arabs can make that land theirs. Though I pity the Arab refugees and believe that we Christians ought to do what we can to relieve their suffering, we are only perpetuating injustice when we urge Israel to compensate them for property or allow the Arabs to return to their old homes.

A man does not pay a thief for the return of his rightful property. If justice is truly to be done, we must do all in our power to help the Arabs adjust to the reality of Israel and bring them to realize that Palestine is Jewish; Jerusalem is Jewish. This land has been Jewish since God gave it to Abraham. As Christians who believe what the Bible says, we have no choice but to accept that.

MRS. WILLIAM C. PABST
San Antonio, Texas

Send your letters to
TOGETHER
1661 N. Northwest Highway
Park Ridge, Ill. 60068

AMERICANS RARELY HEAR ARABS' SIDE OF CONFLICT

This is to thank you for publishing *Exiles From the Promised Land*. It is not often that we in the U.S. get to hear this side of the Middle East conflict.

We have made three trips to the Middle East, visiting both the Arab countries and Israel. It tears one's heart out to see the displaced Palestinians' condition. They are grateful for our welfare aid, but they long for their homeland, the only one they and their ancestors have known over the centuries. You are doing the Christians of this country a service by calling attention to the effects of Israel's conquest.

Being an educator, I read your *Books* section avidly each month. But may I suggest that Barnabas be a little more careful with the sensibilities of Americans of Arab descent? His saying in the April issue [page 63] that he has an Egyptian friend does not lessen the negative impact of this stereotyped statement: "Like the American Indians, the Arabs are a nomad people. . . ." There are *some* nomad Arabs.

What is needed is a better understanding of the causes of the troubles in the Middle East. Arnold Toynbee says that under the Balfour Declaration the wrongs of the Palestinian Arabs have been ignored. Because they have had no power or influence, they could, in effect, be made to pay the bill for wrongs inflicted on Jews not by Arabs but by Westerners.

It seems to me that it is necessary to keep this thought in mind when the Middle East situation is discussed.

E. LEO WAIAN
Alhambra, Calif.

TELL OF ISRAEL'S SUFFERING, TOO

The article *Exiles From the Promised Land* by A. C. Forrest is so completely one-sided that we are hoping for another article recognizing the wrongs suffered by the people of Israel.

MRS. A. J. COLE
Denver, Colo.

TEILHARD'S OPTIMISM: OUR AGE NEEDS MORE

Thanks a million for including *Building the Earth* by Teilhard de Chardin in the March issue [page 28]. This kind of optimism, based on scientific data, is something of which our age needs more. From time to time do include more from this great thinker.

I think it would be well to have some of this in *Christian Advocate* also so that our ministers would get more of his penetrating and far-reaching views.

STANLEY H. MULLEN, *Ret. Minister*
St. Petersburg, Fla.

SIMILAR 'GARBAGE' AVAILABLE ON NEWSSTAND

I am sure that down through the ages the church of Jesus Christ has had to meet the threat of ideas like those in Thomas J. Mullen's article *Can We Bridge the Gap?* [April, page 18]. Such articles would destroy the true meaning of Christ.

It might be news to Mr. Mullen and people like him, but the old devil has been working on the same project since the beginning of time. The "new breed" is nothing new but is as old as time itself. What better way for the devil to work than through the dean of students of a college?

I was not surprised to read a story like this, but I was surprised to find it in a so-called Christian magazine for United Methodist families.

If this is the only kind of material you people can find to write about, then you can take my name off your mailing list. I can buy this kind of garbage on any newsstand.

VICTOR NEWELL
Bloomington, Minn.

PICTORIAL ON FLOWERS INSPIRED EXPERIMENTATION

Thank you for a particularly fine magazine, one which brings me a great deal of worthwhile information and inspiration.

Your March issue, with the beautifully illustrated article *Altar Flowers* [page 1], has inspired me to experiment with these arrangements. As chairman of the commission on worship in our church, I needed something like this to show me how much more can be done.

MRS. C. A. MORTON
Lynn, Mass.

TWO EXCELLENT ARTICLES

The articles *No Time for Rocking Chairs* [page 43] and *Baby-sitting Is a Family Affair* [page 45] in the April issue are excellent. I received this issue only this morning and haven't read the rest of it yet but must take time to comment on these.

MRS. BLANCHE BRIGHAM
Shelby, Nebr.

SOMETHING TO SING ABOUT —OR A BITTER PILL?

Really, now, can't a Christian magazine do better than this? On the cover of your April issue I found:

He Came / Singing Love
He Lived / Singing Lave
He Died / Singing Love

Then I turned to page 41 and found a banner proclaiming:

Lave Is a Bitter Pill.

Just exactly what are you trying to teach us?

MRS. CLEO QUILLIN
Lamont, Okla.

'GREATLY IMPRESSED' BY COVER

I was greatly impressed by your cover for the April issue and am wondering if you have any copies of this suitable for framing.

JOHN E. TYRRELL, M.D.
Manchester, Iawa

'ATTRACTIVE, MEANINGFUL'

Would you please tell me the address of St. Benet's Book Store in Chicago from which the plaque used on the front cover of your April issue was taken? I thought it was a most attractive and meaningful cover.

EDWARD B. HOLLENBECK, *Pastar*
Asbury United Methodist Church
Little Rack, Ark.

Ta answer the questians of both Dr. Tyrrell and Pastor Hollenbeck:

Together has no copies of the April caver picture (made from a plaque by Brother Adrian, a yaung Franciscan priest) in any size or style different from the caver itself. A few extra covers are available. Other items of Brother Adrian's wark are available from St. Benet's Book Stare, 300 South Wabash Ave., Chicaga, Ill. 60601.—Your Editors

CAN ONE LOVE HIS ENEMY WHILE KILLING HIM?

I would like to say that I disagree with Chuck Mayer whose letter, *Fight far Freedom af Worship,* appeared in the March issue [page 68].

I would remind Mr. Mayer that Jesus said, "Love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you." Is it possible for one to love his enemy while killing him? I think not.

It was also Christ who said, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called sons of God." Is it possible for one to make peace while making war? I hardly think so.

Mr. Mayer shauld be reminded that there are Christian churches in the Soviet Union, and also that Jesus carried out his entire ministry under an occupying government. He never tried to overthrow it by violence. The Christians of early Rome didn't have freedam of religion but they continued to worship.

I would suggest to Mr. Mayer that a communist takeover wauld not mean the end of Christianity in America, but it would bring the downfall af half-hearted Christianity.

JOHN McNEILL
East Brunswick, N.J.

'VITAL, TIMELY MESSAGE' —AND AUTHOR NOT UNKNOWN

In the excellent March issue of *Tagether* I read with special interest and appreciation *A Child Learns What He Lives* [page 32]. I thank yau for including it far it bears a vital and timely message. My wife called my attentian to it because she had seen these same words, framed, in a shop and had capied them down to give to me.

You listed the authorship of this work as "unknawn." Actually the author is Dorothy Law Nalte. Sometimes she signs her name Dot Law Nolte.

Your version omitted one line: "If a child lives with shame, / He learns to feel guilty."

There was also another difference. You printed: "If a child lives with trouble, / He learns to be patient." In the ather rendition the word "trouble" is substituted for "tolerance." As a matter of fact, both trauble and tolerance teach patience.

CHARLES DANIEL BRODHEAD
Retired Minister
Braamall, Pa.

Thanks ta Dr. Bradhead and ather readers wha recognized A Child Learns What He Lives *fram having seen it printed elsewhere, we have canfirmed that its authar is indeed Mrs. Darathy Law Nalte, and we are happy ta credit her far its autharship. Mrs. Nalte, who lives in Laguna Beach, Calif., wrate the poem in 1954 far her newspaper column in the* Torrance *(Calif.)* Herald. *The original version includes several mare lines than the ane* Together *used. Free capies of her text may be obtained from the American Institute af Family Relatians, 5287 Sunset Baulevard, Las Angeles, Calif. 90027.*—Your Editors

NO REAL RISK INVOLVED IN BOB OLMSTEAD'S ACTION

I read your article *A Minister Challenges the Draft* [April, page 26] concerning the "caurageous" action of the Rev. Bob Olmstead who turned in his draft card and served Communion on the sidewalk in Oakland, Calif. Since a minister's draft exemptian is a matter of law and not dependent upon the card he carries, it seems ta me that all Mr. Olmstead was risking was the chance that the Communion bread might stick in his throat.

Mr. Olmstead seems concerned that clergymen are exempt from the burdens facing the other young men of the church. You might inform him that there are clergymen who also have waived their exemption and have chosen to share the burdens and the real dangers with that large group of men who have not chosen to evade the draft. You can find them crawling through the mud in Viet Nam ta bring camfart to a dying saldier or marine. None of them has gone to jail for his canvictians, but every now and then ane af them gets killed. We call them chaplains.

Of course you don't read much abaut them in many church magazines, but just in case somebody with a san in military service should want ta knaw, they are still there and they will stay there as lang as men are fighting and dying there. That's all the reasan we need.

RICHARD R. SMITH, *Cammander*
Chaplain Carps, U.S. Navy
FPO San Francisca, Calif.

Chaplain Smith apparently wauld nat include Together *amang church magazines which, he feels, publish toa little infarmation abaut the activities af military chaplains. In additian ta news reparts an individual chaplains (such as the awarding af military decoratians ta Air Force Captain Harold D. Bonath and retired Army Chaplain Jahn F. Cagle, reported in January and February issues) and an actions of the United Methadist Cammissian an Chaplains and Related Ministries (mast recently in aur*

December, 1968, issue), Together has published a number of features concerning chaplains and ministries to military personnel. Among recent articles: Chaplain by Mail *by Carl E. Keightley [March, page 68];* A World of Relatives *by Chaplain Thomas W. Klewin [August, 1968, page 41]; and the seven-page pictorial* Viet Nam Chaplain *[October, 1967, page 23].*—Your Editors

ANYONE UNWILLING TO DEFEND FREEDOM DOES NOT DESERVE IT

Bob Fitch says in his article *A Minister Challenges the Draft* that the subject of that article, the Rev. Robert Olmstead, "is not a wild-eyed young radical anxious to achieve martyrdom." If this young man is not a wild-eyed radical, I would hate to meet one that looked worse.

Even though he is a minister of the gospel, I think Mr. Olmstead has not learned what the gospel means when he says, "The ultimate example, of course, was when the Christ had to go to the cross."

Christ didn't *have* to go to the cross. He went there willingly for a purpose—to pay the ransom for my sins and the sins of the whole world.

I have been a member of the Selective Service System for many years, and during that time I have come in contact with many so-called conscientious objectors. After hearing their stories of obeying God rather than man, and so forth, I say to them (and would have loved to say to Mr. Olmstead): "If you can quote any scripture that allows you to disobey civil government, I'll bend over backward to help you." So far, I have not received an answer. In the Old Testament, God killed thousands of people and used man to kill.

I am not for war because I know what war is as I served my country during World War I. But I say to any CO that any person who is not willing to defend his freedom does not deserve his freedom.

RAY KRIEFALL, *Chaplain*
American Legion Dept. of Minnesota
Osseo, Minn.

'MANY REJOICE IN MR. OLMSTEAD'S ACTION'

It was heartening to read in your April issue the fine article by Bob Fitch, *A Minister Challenges the Draft*. Many of us rejoice in the courageous action of the Rev. Robert G. Olmstead. And it is especially good to know that friends, family, and supporters joined Mr. Olmstead in a Communion service as he refused induction into military service. Let us give this kind of warm, supporting love to all our young men whose consciences compel them to oppose the war in Viet Nam.

MABEL HICKS
Indianapolis, Ind.

LOVE OF COUNTRY IS BASIC

As a new member of *Together*'s family (formerly an Evangelical United Brethren), I wish to state that my family and I enjoy the magazine very much. In the April issue I found *As a Man Dies* [page 1], the colorful section on *Banners!* [page 34], and *A Minister Challenges the Draft* most interesting.

I feel that Mr. Olmstead is wrong in his actions as a man of God, basically because next to God love of country—which implies obedience—is paramount.

CLYDE R. BOWER
Allentown, Pa.

CHURCH SHOULD LOOK LIKE CHURCH—NOT HOMECOMING

I am 17 years old and have been a member of The United Methodist Church all my life. Through the years I have seen a change take place in the church and in its reading material, including *Together*.

The article on *Banners!* [April, page 34] was sickening. We have banners in our church and they look terribly out of place. I like art, including modern and abstract, but I feel it has no place in a church sanctuary. Some of the banners in your article had nothing to do with church or God. I refer particularly to *Love Is a Bitter Pill* [page 41], *Shalom*, and, of course, *Peace* [both on page 39].

The peace idea is getting a little worn out, don't you think? I like peace just as much as the next person, but we wouldn't have peace to begin with if it weren't for our brave soldiers who died for our freedom.

I am a part of the youth. We like traditions just as much as the golden agers. The youth (I don't mean the hoods who stand on street corners; I mean churchgoers) want the church to look like a church, not a stadium decorated for a Saturday-afternoon homecoming.

Where else can the youth go for a place to meditate without gaudy-colored banners slapping us in the face if it isn't the church? Where else can we go not to be entertained but to worship?

LORI JEAN NASH
Sheboygan Falls, Wis.

ELDERLY MEMBER GRIEVES OVER CHURCH'S APOSTASY

May God bless Raymond O. Button for his firm stand on the Apostles' Creed. [See *Clinging to 'Dated' Creed*, April, page 72.]

There are many other heartsick, elderly Methodists, grieving over the apostasy which has entered our beloved church standing right beside Mr. Button. I am one of them. The crumbling Bible, the allegations of myth, fantasy, and picture story are not for me.

May I say to Mr. Button, whoever he is: Stand firm, brother! Our belief in the Word of God as expressed in the Apostles' Creed has been sufficient for us to live by. Certainly it is sufficient for us to die by. That is just what I—as you—intend to do.

GARNET K. TIEN
Riverview, Fla.

HINDU SCRIPTURES OLDER

Herman B. Teeter's article *'Toward a Greater Understanding'* [March, page 34] is most interesting. I am surprised, however, that he quotes V. K. Gokak, vice-chancellor of Bangalore University, as saying that India's ancient scriptures date back "to the early Christian era."

In the definitive work on Indian history, *The History and Culture of the Indian People*, in Volume I, *The Vedic Age*, we read that the Vedic hymns still used by modern Hindus date back nearly 4,000 years and that the Rigveda in its present form goes back at least to 1000 B.C. That would put these scriptures of the Hindus much older than the Christian era.

However, it is good to see this project of Callison College being undertaken. We in America need to become more aware of India, her peoples, her culture, her history. India is the most populous democracy in the world. We need to help her succeed in her struggles to achieve a good life for her people.

We also need to become aware that there is a lot more history in the world than just what began in Egypt, moved up through Greece and across Europe.

WARREN P. WALDO
North Ferrisburg, Vt.

"Please take care of my sister..."

Little Su Ying was abandoned in the alley behind our Babies' Home in Formosa. She was frightened, cold and hungry.

But as you can see in the picture, someone had tried to make her look pretty. Her hair was combed and her dress, even though torn, was clean.

In her hand she clutched a note written by her brother:

"Please take care of my sister. Our parents are dead for many weeks. I am twelve and can no longer find food for this small sister. To my ears came news of your House, so I bring Su Ying to you."

Will you help us give Su Ying—and youngsters equally as needy—a chance to grow up in an atmosphere of love?

For only $12 a month you can sponsor such a child and receive his or her photograph, personal history, and the opportunity to write letters.

Your child will know who you are and will answer your letters. Correspondence is translated at our overseas offices.

(And if you want your child to have a special gift—a pair of shoes, a warm jacket, a fuzzy bear—you can send your check to our office, and the *entire amount* will be forwarded, along with your instructions.)

Since 1938, thousands of American sponsors have found this to be an intimate, person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

And your help is desperately needed. Overseas, our staff reports boys and girls still search garbage dumps for food . . . babies abandoned in the streets . . . blind children locked in cellars . . .

Little Su Ying and children like her need your love. Won't you help? Today? Thank you.

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in Korea, Taiwan, India, Brazil. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verbon E. Kemp

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Box 511, Richmond, Va. 23204

I wish to sponsor ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country)_____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most.

I will pay $12 a month. I enclose first payment of $_____

Send me child's name, story, address and picture.

I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____

☐ Please send me more information

Name_____

Address_____

City_____State_____Zip_____

Registered (VFA-080) with the U. S. Government's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Gifts are tax deductible. TG 69

Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto 7

TAICHUNG, FORMOSA—*Two-year-old Su Ying, her parents dead, waits for her brother who will never return.*

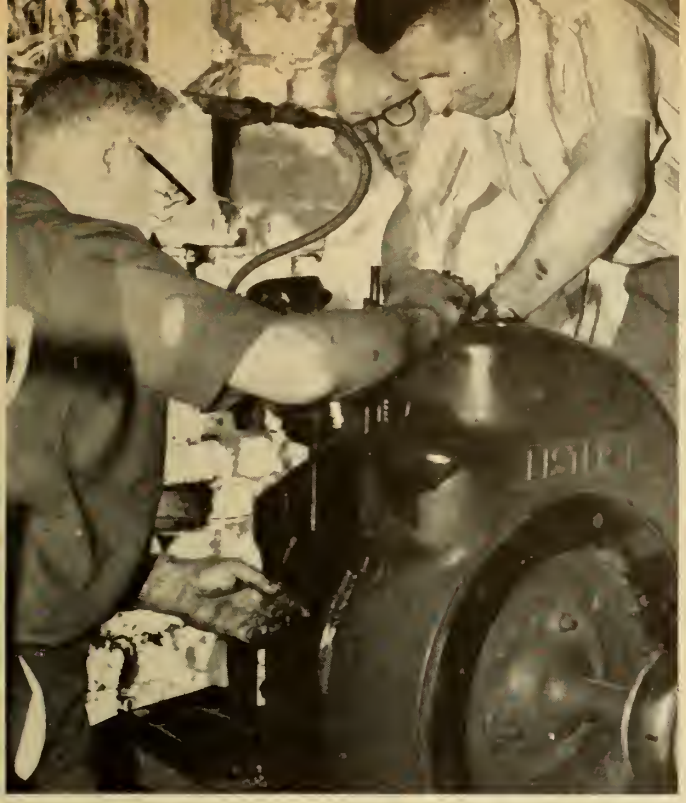
Airborne angel of mercy in the Congo: This light plane, flown by missionary-pilot Ken Enright, heads toward a temporary village landing strip with two members of a United Methodist work team.

They Were Missionaries —For Three Weeks

ONE DAY last August, a sudden change in wind direction sent a grass fire raging through a Congolese village. A small boy ran through the flames in a heroic attempt to rescue his grandparents. The elderly couple died and the eight-year-old boy was horribly burned.

Quickly, the father lifted his son onto his back and began a miles-long trek across bush country to a small United Methodist dispensary at Lake Kafakumba. It was unlikely that the lad would survive, for little more than a stethoscope was available there.

Few white men have ever witnessed the investiture of a paramount chief. One who has, by invitation of the chief, is the Rev. Willis Syphers.



Dr. Glen Eschtruth, missionary doctor at Piper Memorial Hospital, looks on as Ermal Liptrap and Art Clawson (left) overhaul one of six diesel engines at Kapanga mission. (Dr. Eschtruth and Ken Enright invited the Hoosiers to the Congo.) At right, Dale E. Knochel, Kentland farmer, and Orville Logan, insurance agent and farmer from Monticello, repair a drill for use on a plumbing job.

Only a few days earlier, however, a U.S. physician had arrived at the mission station—a fact that proved the difference between life and death for the boy.

Dr. LeRoy D. Kinzer of Markle, Ind., was one member of a 13-man Indiana work team spending three weeks in the Congo's Katanga Province. The Hoosiers divided much of their time between the lake site and Piper Memorial Hospital at the United Methodist mission station in the Kapanga-Musumba area.

The work team included three ministers and nine other laymen from the Lafayette District, Northwest Indiana Conference. Among the laymen: a grade-school principal, two insurance men, a gas-company welder, a painting contractor, two farmers, a power-plant engineer, and a machine-shop superintendent.

"We took our skills, talents, and know-how in many fields," says the Rev. Willis A. Syphers, pastor at Wolcott. "We repaired, fixed up, and did many things that are hard for missionaries to do themselves."

Members of the group worked on

Back in Kentland, Michael C. LeSaux is a welder for a gas company, but in the Congo he shows skill in rebricking a drain at the Kapanga hospital and mission center. Assisting him is Mr. Syphers, who, like the two other ministers, is in the Congo as an evangelist, but who pitched in to unload bricks.

At Kapanga, Mr. Syphers (left) and George R. Wickes of Dayton share breakfast devotions with Mrs. Lena Eschtruth, wife of the doctor at the 225-bed hospital. Other members of the Indiana team (below) observe early morning quiet time on shore of Lake Kafakumba, tropical body of jungle-surrounded water 2 miles wide by 10 miles long. It is the haunt of tiger fish and site of a new mission station.

automobiles, dug out sewers and septic tanks, repaired drains, put on gutters, wired cottages, repaired refrigerators, and fixed plumbing. Probably the most extensive repair work was done by Arthur H. Clawson, Jr., the machine-shop superintendent of Attica, assisted by Ermal Liptrap, a farmer from Boswell. At the Kapanga hospital they found six diesel power plants, some of which had been out of operation for as long as two years.

"We went to work, and we got all of the engines running," says Mr. Clawson. "Later we hooked up some underground wiring at the hospital and got power to the nurses' school, the pharmacist's house, the hospital laundry, pediatrics ward, and kitchen."

Word of the Indiana team's work wasn't lost on the Mwanta-Yav, paramount tribal chief over an area of 40,000 square miles (a United Methodist, by the way, and the younger brother of Moise Tshombe, now imprisoned in Algiers). The chief told Mr. Clawson that a specialist from Germany had been unable to repair a German-made diesel which powered a village water pump, out of service for seven months, and that the people were carrying water from a river three miles away.

"We worked on the diesel for two and a half hours and cranked it up," Mr. Clawson says. "And it started!"

Organizer of the group was the Rev. Ernest E. Shumaker of Fowler who says the dedication and enthusiasm of the work team for Christian witness continues to increase almost a year later. His church has raised $5,000 for a school, dispensary, and camp-meeting site at a new location on Lake Kafakumba. Other churches are contributing mission funds, many inspired by nearly 100 talks and slide shows presented by team members since last fall. And Dr. Kinzer continues with his plans to outfit dispensaries abroad.

Mr. Shumaker plans to return to the Congo this summer, as does the Rev. Jack M. Williams of Stockwell. Also making the trip will be Douglas Elwood, a Fowler attorney.

"Nothing could be more true than that all of us brought more back from the Congo than we could possibly give," Mr. Shumaker says.

—Herman B. Teeter

Some worshipers walked 200 miles to hear the ministers—and laymen—speak through an interpreter (left). At right is the Rev. Ernest Shumaker, who failed to catch a tiger fish but bagged a giant rogue elephant caught destroying village crops. (Its tusks weighed 50 pounds each.) Below, Dr. LeRoy Kinzer prepares to fly his badly burned patient to the Kapanga hospital where the boy is reported recovering. But, Dr. Kinzer says, "I am convinced humanitarian efforts are not enough. These people need changed lives through faith in Christ."

Teens

By DALE WHITE

WHAT DO young people think about love? At a weekend retreat at Camp Sumatanga in Alabama some time ago, the young people reflected on the great hymn to love, 1 Corinthians 13.

Remember how it goes? "So faith, hope, love abide, these three; but the greatest of these is love." The young people wrote in secret what they believed these words were calling them to be and do. Here is what some of them said:

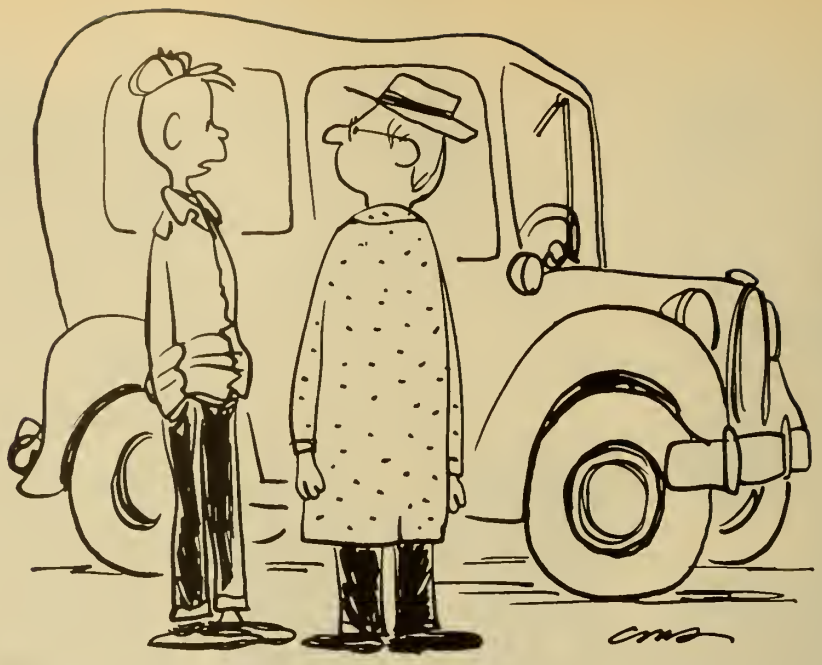
"God is calling me to quit talking and start listening more. He wants me to quit fooling around on the surface and start caring about people for a change. He is asking me to seek out those kids who always stand around on the outside and bring them into the circle. . . ."

"God expects us to love everybody whether we like it or not. And that goes for all colors of skin. Just to be genuinely concerned about how they're all getting along—that's what it takes. . . ."

"These words tell me how selfish I am in my love—in my attitude toward my parents and my sisters, especially. Perhaps if I tried to be a little more understanding and patient, we would all be a bit happier. And maybe I don't need to act like I'm absolutely right all the time. And the boy I love—I will try harder to understand his viewpoint. He has his own feelings, which I simply must respect. After all, I love him. . . ."

"People are always trying to classify everyone. They keep trying to shove me into a box with a label until I start classifying myself and end up thinking instead of living. Why does everyone have to be in a category? Love is an indefinable bond between two real persons. To love someone is to throw away the stupid labels, lower the shield, and really trust. . . ."

"Love is the way we show our faith and act out our hope. Instead of just sitting around thinking religious thoughts, it gets us out there doing something for somebody. . . ."



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz. © 1961 by Warner Press, Inc.

"I hope my investing in a new set of tires doesn't give you the impression that I don't believe your preaching about the world coming to an end, Rev. Hartman."

Q:

I am a 15-year-old girl. Like most girls in this bracket, I cherish the thought that my bedroom is my own personal place. I must admit that it looked like an art gallery, but I was happy with it that way. Mom wasn't so in order to keep the peace, I fixed it up to meet her requirements.

I had just gotten used to my new room when she went in and rearranged it. She even moved some of the furniture out. Needless to say, I was quite mad, so I moved everything back.

When she saw what I had done, she disowned me. She has even turned my older brother and my father against me, and none of them will speak to me.

Was I right in telling her that my room was my own place, not hers? Is she right in what she is doing?—J.D.

You and your mother need to sit down and work out a compromise on this. Your family is fortunate to be able to afford a separate bedroom for each youngster. It would be a shame not to take full benefit of this advantage.

One value of a separate room for a growing young person is privacy. But a second is equally important—it allows the youngster a little living space which is his own. He can extend his personality into it, feel at home in it, and declare to the world his own individual tastes and values. This helps the young person to sharpen his self-image, a very important task for adolescents.

Your mother, by insisting that it be her living space instead of yours, is only getting half the benefit of a separate room for you. If she turns it over to you, however, you will still have important obligations. Your room will remain a part of the family home, and you will want them to be proud of it. Order, cleanliness, and good taste are standards you should not violate.

Q:

I am a 13-year-old girl. About three years ago my brother died. I have another brother and a sister, but I felt closer to him than to them. Every time my mother looks at pictures of my brother, she starts to cry. Of course, I cry too. Well, here is my main problem. Every time I

mention his name she gets upset, and I am afraid to say anything about him. I don't just want to forget him and never talk about him anymore. So could you help me, or rather give me some advice on what to do?—T.P.

Most people do not realize that grief is something like a deep spiritual wound. It cannot heal overnight, and it cannot heal without draining. Some African tribal groups have "pounding rocks" where women who have lost someone dear can go to pound their laundry and to chant out their grief. But in our society, often within a few weeks of a tragedy, people begin to say to the grieving one, "Stop feeling sorry for yourself." They feel embarrassed at any open expression of strong emotion so we bottle it up inside.

Good grief work often takes many months to complete. You are ready now to do the open talking and frank facing of reality which can end your grief work. But your mother is not allowing herself to lance the wound. She could benefit from a few sessions with an understanding counselor.

Q&A

I am a girl, 16. For years my mother has been telling me to get friends my own age, and last year I finally did. There were four of us who were constantly together. Somehow, we depressed each other to the point where all of us were affected.

I think I went insane. I began to take overdoses of pills, which really made me sick, and a few times I cut my hands with razor blades. I began counseling sessions with a minister I knew from another church. He told me I was a perfectionist, and if I didn't change I'd probably have a nervous breakdown before I was 20. He was transferred shortly after.

I've certainly changed now. I no longer have any desire to be perfect. Now I hunger for premarital intercourse and LSD. I believe I'll try either one the first chance I get. After all, my friends are gone off to school, and my mother doesn't want me to hang around adults. I'm so lonely at times that I don't know what else to do. When I talk to the school counselor he never says anything about morals. He just wants to know how my "extracurricular" activities come out. What can I do?—D.R.

You should know that intercourse and LSD are disguised symbols for your deep longing for companionship, tenderness, and inner harmony. Neither will bring you what your heart yearns for. They may tranquilize your pain for a moment, but leave your life in a worse mess than before. You need a healing relationship with a warm, responsible person. Can you find another minister trained in counseling?

Q&A

I am a student nurse, 19. I have written to correct an error that was made in the answer to C.S., a boy who thought he was adopted. [*Teens Together*, March, page 51.]

In your reply you said, "You are your foster parents' son in every important sense except biological." However, "foster parents" was used incorrectly. A foster parent is one appointed by the court to care for a child temporarily until the original parents take charge or adoptive parents can be found. Foster parents are screened carefully, as are adoptive parents. However, foster parents are given a weekly or monthly allotment to buy clothing and some other expenses.

Adoptive parents are true parents in every sense except biological; foster parents are not.

If C.S. is adopted, he is a very fortunate person for he is a "chosen child."—K.D.

Thanks for the clarification. I always thought "foster parents" was a broad term which included adoptive parents. I looked it up in Webster's, but it didn't help much.

I do disagree that foster parents are not parents in every sense except biological. We raised a daughter whom we did not adopt, but she will always be our daughter, no matter what comes.

Q&A

I am 16 and want to ask about masturbation, even though I know you've had this in *Teens* before. Is it actually harmful to your body in any way? Is it considered morally wrong for a young man to masturbate for pleasure? I'm sure others would be interested in

Today's students are searching. They are trying to find new meaning in God's world, a faith to give direction to their lives. Prayer will help them.

That is why "*The Student at Prayer*" is such a timely and thoughtful gift at graduation or anytime.

$1.25 per copy; ten or more, $1.00 each. Postpaid. Order from

The Upper Room

World's Most Widely Read Daily Devotional Guide
1908 Grand Ave. Nashville, Tenn. 37203

Schools

involved.

That's you as a Chandler grad. Involved in contemporary issues. On the job in vital places. Legal. Medical. Executive. Science-Research. As a Chandler-trained professional secretary. Involved in ideas and challenges of today. 1 & 2 yr. courses. Delightful residences in exclusive Back Bay. Accred. as 2-year School of Business.

CHANDLER
SCHOOL FOR WOMEN • BOSTON
448 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. 02115

LAW FREE BOOK THE LAW TRAINED MAN

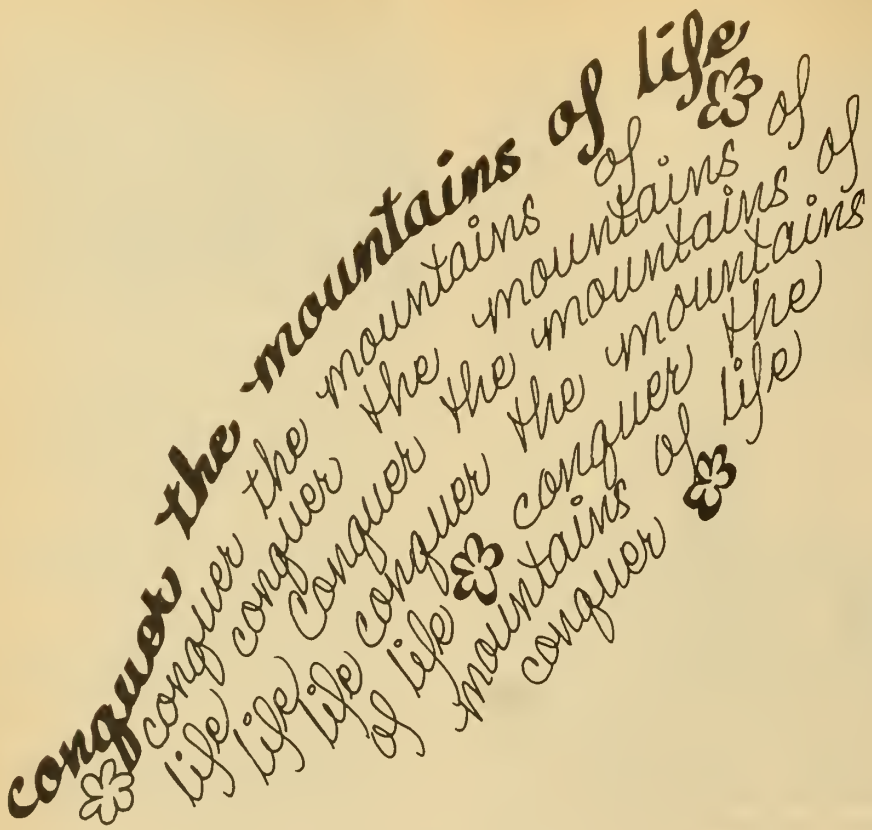
Write today for a FREE copy of illustrated law book, "THE LAW-TRAINED MAN," which shows how to earn the professional Bachelor of Laws (LL.B.) degree through home study of the famous Blackstone Law Course: Books and lessons provided. Moderate cost; easy terms. Write now.

Blackstone School of Law, 307 N. Michigan Ave.
Founded 1890 Dept. 970-A Chicago 1, Illinois

How To Hold
FALSE TEETH
More Firmly in Place

Do your false teeth embarrass you by slipping, dropping or wobbling when you laugh, talk or eat? Then sprinkle a little FASTEETH on your plates. FASTEETH holds dentures more firmly, more comfortably. This alkaline powder doesn't sour. No gooey, pasty taste. Helps check denture odor. Dentures that fit are essential to health. See your dentist regularly. Get FASTEETH today at all drug counters.

PEWS, PULPIT & CHANCEL
FURNITURE
✓ WRITE FOR Free CATALOG AND LOW DIRECT PRICES
J.P. REDINGTON & Co.
DEPT. 2, SCRANTON, PA. 18501



WE DREAM, WE CLIMB
Denson N. Franklin. Challenging verbal lessons uplift the heart and offer a view into what life may truly become through applied effort. More than sermons, these are words of wisdom, joy, and triumph. $3.50

LEARNING TO LIVE
Walter Russell Bowie. The inspiring life story of one of the most beloved figures among contemporary religious leaders. Also a valuable record of an important era in the history of Christian churches in the U.S. $4.95

THE PERSON I AM
Glenn H. Asquith. Inspiring meditations, written especially for older people, guide the reader to a deeper understanding of the person he is spiritually, physically, and in relation to others. Ribbon bookmark. $3

GOLDEN WORDS FOR EVERY DAY
Ruth C. Ikerman. Brief devotions—one for each day in the year—use familiar verses of Scripture, short devotional messages, and prayers to add greater meaning to the routine affairs of daily living. $2.95

TRAILS AND TURNPIKES
Carl E. Price. Twenty-three meditations help the reader celebrate the beauty and goodness of God's creation. Creates a greater awareness of the wonders and quiet strength to be found in the out-of-doors. $2.75

At your Cokesbury Bookstore

ABINGDON PRESS
The Book Publishing Department of The Methodist Publishing House

a qualified answer. Two doctors I talked to said "don't." But isn't it good to release sexual emotion this way and stay out of trouble? It seems to be an irresolute subject.—G.G.

Masturbation is the stimulation of one's own sex organs to achieve release. Most teen-age boys and a few girls do this at times. It does not harm the body in any way. It does not cause people to go insane, or to have pimples, or any of the other scary "old wives' tales" you have heard.

Since sex is never really satisfying apart from a deep interpersonal relationship of trust and commitment, masturbation often leaves an empty, depressed feeling.

Since it is secret, it causes vague feelings of guilt. It is used as a kind of tranquilizer by unhappy teenagers, and may divert them from the important task of learning to be close to other persons. But for most healthy youngsters it is role-playing or day-dreaming about romance and marriage.

•

Tell Dr. Dale White about your problems, your worries, your accomplishments, and he will respond through *Teens*. Write to him in care of TOGETHER, P.O. Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068. —*Your Editors*

BOOKS

YOU MAY be tempted to dismiss it as a novelty, a gimmick. The spiral-bound **1,029 Private Prayers for Worldly Christians** (Pflaum Press, $5.95) looks something like a well-done sales presentation, and when you open it you have an uneasy feeling that it is going to fall apart. It will not. Take it firmly in your hands because this unique book will make you think and feel, and will fill you with the astonishment of discovery.

Twenty-one of its pages are slit horizontally into three parts. On the top parts are prayers based on biblical passages. In the middle are pictures from magazines, newspapers, and advertisements. At the bottom are advertising slogans. This three-level design lets you make your own combinations, 1,029 of them if you persist long enough, of prayer, picture, and slogan.

"Some readers may question what the psalms and other biblical prayers have in common with ad slogans," says Gerard A. Pottebaum, who with Joyce Winkel coauthored this unusual book. But: "Both tell of man's thirst for new life, to go 'where the flavor is.' . . . Although we don't suspect the writers of biblical prayers, they use the adman's method. They describe the just man by speaking of the cedars of Lebanon. They seek escape by wishing for the wings of a dove."

I suggest that you do not start through *1,029 Private Prayers for Worldly Christians* if there is a pot on the stove that needs watching or an appointment is close upon you. One combination leads to another, and another, and another . . . The insights they reveal about our human predicament and our relationship to God are astonishing, shocking, stimulating, and totally involving. It could be that this unique book which forces its readers to discover and react will be one of the most irresistible paths to meditation you have ever followed.

Most of what we know about what is happening inside mainland China has to be pieced together from printed materials that filter through the bamboo curtain or comes second-hand from journalists and travelers from other countries who are permitted to visit there. Communist Chinese have as little direct contact with us, and such a communications gap between the world's most populous and the world's most powerful industrial nation is a fearsome thing.

In the belief that intelligent, objective discussion is the first step toward understanding, China has been made the subject of interdenominational study in 1969-70. United Methodists and other denominations have produced their own study materials, as has the National Council of Churches, and you have been, or probably will be, exposed to them.

Numerous current books are available to supplement them. The one that will pick you up and set you down most firmly inside the People's Republic of China is **This Is Communist China** (McKay, $5.95). It is a depth report by a task force of journalists and scholars sent into China in 1966 and 1967 by *Yomiuri Shimbun*, one of Japan's largest newspapers. They spoke the language fluently and had known China well over the years. The hand-carried dispatches they sent back were detailed and uncensored. These and additional eyewitness reports written after they returned have been edited for book form by Robert Trumbull, chief of *The New York Times*' Tokyo bureau. They cover the period of the Great Proletarian Revolution, when Mao Tse-tung sent student Red Guards out over the country to counteract what he regarded as a dangerous tendency among the people to deviate from classic communism. It was a turbulent time, and this book leaves you appropriately confused. That is one of its values.

In a revised edition of **The Center of the World: Communism and the Mind of China** (Funk & Wagnalls, $6.95) Robert S. Elegant says flatly that Mao lost his gamble. The great majority of the Chinese people were disillusioned with the unremitting physical and spiritual pressures of Maoism, and they supported the more pragmatic local authorities rather than the distant, fanatic voice of Peking. This does not mean that communism is any less strong in China, nor that Mao has lost any of his mystique as spiritual leader of the Chinese people. But, says Elegant: ". . . the 'local power-holders' ex-

Turned to make all their various combinations, the divided pages of 1,029 Private Prayers for Worldly Christians reveal ourselves to ourselves in all of our moods—happiness, sadness, joy, fear, compassion, loneliness, exultation, resignation, desire, supplication.

THOSE HORRID
AGE SPOTS*

FADE THEM OUT

*Weathered brown spots on the surface of your hands and face tell the world you're getting old—perhaps before you really are. Fade them away with ESOTERICA, that medicated cream that breaks up masses of pigment on the skin, helps make hands look white and young again. Not a cover-up. Acts in the skin—not on it. Equally effective on the face, neck and arms. Fragrant, greaseless base for softening, lubricating skin as it clears up those blemishes. Distributed by the trustworthy 56-year-old Mitchum laboratory. ESOTERICA—at leading toiletry and drug counters. $2.

HELP US . . .

You will receive our best service by including a mailing label whenever you are writing about anything pertaining to your subscription—even if you have a complaint.

Please attach your label from a TOGETHER here.

FILL OUT
AND
MAIL TO:
TOGETHER
201 EIGHTH AVE. S.
NASHVILLE
TENNESSEE
37202

NAME

NEW ADDRESS

CITY

STATE ZIP

coriated by the Maoists were likely to pursue their policy of doing as they wished in their own areas and saying what the Maoists wished for consumption elsewhere." He concludes that it would be cynical indeed not to recognize that China is moving in the direction of adjustment with the outside world.

Elegant is an American, chief of the *Los Angeles Times'* Hong Kong bureau, and the author of several previous books on China. This one is an exceptionally good background study, going back to Confucius to explain why the Chinese are unshakably convinced that they live at the center of the world.

Italian writer Alberto Moravia comments on the Chinese lack of curiosity about the rest of the world in **The Red Book and the Great Wall** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.95, cloth; $1.95, paper). Among this book's reflective essays is a fascinating report of a "duel" of quotations Moravia got into with a Chinese writer. The quotations came from the book in the title, a pocket-sized, red plastic-bound volume of slogans drawn from the works of Mao. Throughout China it is memorized, waved in the air, held in the hand, and quoted constantly as a guide to correct conduct. It was the "Bible" of the Red Guard and in the U.S. and Europe it has been taken up by the New Left. American editions of **Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung** have included a paperbound Bantam edition for $1 with an introduction by China expert A. Doak Barnett, a hard-cover edition from Praeger ($5) edited by S. R. Schram, and a 60¢ plastic-bound edition from China Books. A more recent selection of the writings of **Mao Tse-tung on Revolution and War** (Doubleday, $6.95), edited and introduced by Professor Mostafa Rejai of Miami University of Ohio, is less epigrammatic but is heavy going and not for the general public.

Some people believe patriotism is served best by avoiding study of a society as revolutionary and hostile as Red China is. Yet a quarter of the world's people live within its boundaries, and it now is a nuclear power. As Americans we cannot afford not to know about it, and as Christians we cannot fail to leaven our study with love.

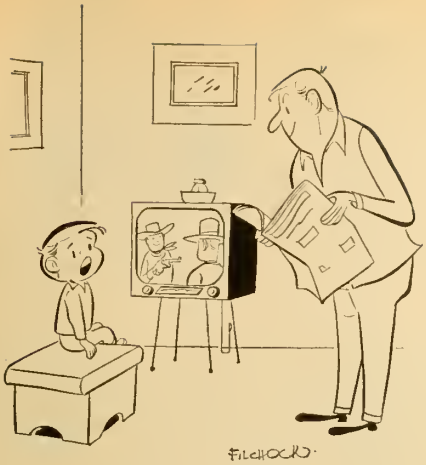
TOGETHER/ADVOCATE's news editor, John Lovelace, who occupies the office next to mine, has the good newsman's mistrust of instant history and ability to assess sources. One of two Texans on our staff, he had a special interest in reading **The Tragedy of Lyndon Johnson** (Alfred A. Knopf, $8.95), but he did not think much of it. He pointed out to me a little sourly that author Eric F. Goldman was a special consultant to the former president but: "The closest Dr. Goldman seems to have gotten to the top was a White House office from which he could observe the actions of the men in the real Johnson orbit."

My friend in the next office also has doubts about **Thirteen Days** (Norton, $5.50). This memoir of the Cuban missile crisis by Robert F. Kennedy was published after RFK's death and lacks his final blue penciling. While it definitely is written from the inside, in contrast to the Goldman book, and reads with a certain ragged intensity, it is padded with irrelevant pictures and superfluous documentation. "For $1.75 it would have made interesting paperback history," was John's final verdict. "For $5.50, padded and puffed, it's a hardback embarrassment."

Old pro John Gunther has written some incisive books, and he has written others that skim the surface like **Twelve Cities** (Harper & Row, $6.95). He has known London, Paris, Brussels, Rome, Hamburg, Vienna, Warsaw, Moscow, Jerusalem, Beirut, Amman, and Tokyo for a long time, and that is his problem. Revisiting these cities, he saw only what he expected to see.

I might have been less aware of it if I had not been reading two other books about the same time. **Anatomy of Europe** (Harper & Row, $7.95) shows us Western Europe through the level eyes of British journalist Anthony Sampson. It is a Europe of billboards, motorways, suburban sprawl, and company towns; a Europe in which, for so many modern purposes, the nation is either too big or too small—too small for technological industry, defense, transport, and energy; too big for welfare, cultural loyalties, or any real sense of belonging. There is corresponding unrest among its people, a restlessness that Sampson speculates could lead to regionalism, a general clamor for decentralization, even anarchism.

In spite of some British bias and some inaccuracies, Sampson's book



"You don't know how easy your generation had it, with no TV to have to keep up with."

is important, and it has a rugged, straightforward strength. So has **Germany Beyond the Wall: People, Politics . . . and Prosperity** (Little, Brown, $8.95). Author Jean Edward Smith, a political science professor, paints a picture of life on the other side of the Berlin Wall that is more drab than rosy. Nevertheless, he maintains that East Germany has achieved "a modicum of stability" and not a little prosperity since the formation of the German Democratic Republic. He does not foresee any collapse of the present government, and he is convinced that progress on the German question can come only within the context of existing frontiers.

He sums up the church's position in the GDR as "difficult but not impossible," reporting that the state recognizes the church's right to exist and that there are "unmistakable signs of a growing *rapprochement* between church and state throughout the GDR."

Prof. Smith's is a valuable firsthand account that includes conversations with East German citizens and officials as well as many production statistics. He was in the GDR during the spring and summer of 1967 and took his wife and small daughter back with him for a three-week visit in the spring of 1968.

A Doubleday / Epworth Prize Contest is looking for a novel about man's spiritual quest in contemporary society. The author of the winning manuscript will receive a minimum guaranteed advance of $5,000 against royalties, more if he or she is already well known.

The contest idea originated with representatives of the five major program boards of The United Methodist Church. "Our reason for suggesting a novel is that popular fiction today is able to speak to people of all walks of life in a unique and meaningful manner," says B. F. Jackson, head of the interboard committee. Dr. Jackson is executive director of the Section of Communication Processes and Learning Resources of the Board of Education.

Selection of the award-winning manuscript will be in the hands of United Methodist Bishop Gerald H. Kennedy, who writes *Fiction* for TOGETHER; Margaret Cousins, author and senior editor of Doubleday and Company; and Peter S. Prescott, book critic for *Look* magazine.

Open to any author writing in English, the contest will close December 31, 1969. Information about it can be obtained by writing to Dr. Jackson, P.O. Box 871, Nashville, Tenn. 37202 or to Doubleday / Epworth Prize Contest, Doubleday and Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

Bishop Kennedy's own latest book —his 20th—is **For Laymen and Other Martyrs** (Harper & Row, $3.95). This is a collection of short observations that mixes wit with wisdom in pleasant proportions.

"You want to see a miracle?" he asks. "Look at a church where some are bright and some aren't, some are smart and some are stupid, some are men and some are women, some are old and some are young, some are rich and some are poor, and they stay together and have amazingly few fights . . . I think it is the greatest thing in the world."

Eighty poems inspired by the stubborn prophet who did not want to preach in Nineveh appear in **You! Jonah!** (Eerdmans, $1) by Thomas John Carlisle. Terse, direct, and contemporary, they speak strongly to the modern reader.

Bruce Hilton, who was with the National Council of Churches' controversial work with the black people in the Mississippi delta during its two most critical years, has written a swift-paced, informal, intense report of it in **The Delta Ministry** (Macmillan, $5.95, hard cover; $1.95, paper). It deserves a high-priority place on everybody's reading list.

Twice operated on by Dr. Michael DeBakey at Methodist Hospital in Houston, Israeli journalist Yehuda Kesten goes deep into the psychological problems as well as the clinical aspects of his illness in **Diary of a**

NEWEST HEARING AID WILL HELP THOUSANDS

First Radioear With Unimodular Circuitry

The all-new Radioear 990 hearing aid will help thousands to hear again, even many who are severely deafened. This amazing hearing aid features unimodular circuitry,

a unified, solid state electronic system which makes possible higher gain and higher output levels in a smaller hearing aid. For nearly half a century, Radioear has been a world leader in hearing aid research, design and manufacture. But until this time not even Radioear could offer a behind-the-ear hearing aid to compare to the 990. Send the coupon today for more exciting facts about this newest Radioear hearing aid. Also get your free copy of the dramatic new booklet, "The Truth About Nerve Deafness."

RADIOEAR® WORLD'S FINEST HEARING AID
Valley Brook Road
Canonsburg, Pa 15317

Radioear Corporation
Department T-169
Valley Brook Road
Canonsburg, Pa. 15317

☐ Please send me more exciting facts about the Radioear 990.

☐ Also send me the revealing "Nerve Deafness" booklet.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Address TOGETHER—Classified Dept.
201 Eighth Avenue, South, Nashville, Tenn. 37203

CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS. Rate: 75c per word (Minimum charge $15.00). Complete name and address or TOGETHER confidential box number is counted as four words.

HELP WANTED

ORGANIST-DIRECTOR WANTED TO fill position to be open June 1st. Adult and children's choirs, church of 1300 members. Capable leadership required. Direct inquiries and resume to the First United Methodist Church, 200 Pleasant Avenue, Sturgis, Michigan 49091.

MISCELLANEOUS

FOOD, FELLOWSHIP AND FUN for nondrinking families who really want to relax. Join us this summer and unwind. Brochure. Outlook Farm, RD 2, Windsor, N. Y. 13865.

VISIT LOVELY LANE THE Mother Church of American Methodism and the Museum of the Methodist Historical Society, St. Paul & 22nd Streets, Baltimore, Maryland 21218.

SUMMER COTTAGE WITH NEW section for sale or rent at Epworth Heights, Ludington, Michigan. Accommodates 16. Jesse H. Roberts, 1525 W. Lincoln, Freeport, Illinois 61032.

He has a new view of life

He's had a heart attack, but he's back on the job. He saw for himself how modern drugs, coronary care units, and new methods of rehabilitation are helping doctors fight the Nation's Number 1 killer.

Heart scientists predict many exciting advances in the foreseeable future, provided more funds are available for research, education and community service. Help make these predictions come true. Give generously to fight the Number 1 threat to your life.

GIVE...
so more will live
HEART FUND ®

Contributed by the Publisher

Heart Patient (McGraw-Hill, $7.95). He was flown from Tel Aviv to Houston for open-heart surgery after doctors discovered an aneurysm in his aorta the size of a melon, the result of a condition known as Marfan's Syndrome.

Born and brought up in a country where Jews are born, live, and die without needing the services of non-Jews, he was surprised when, in the hospital reception room, he was asked what church he was affiliated with. After telling the receptionist he was Jewish, he was further surprised to receive a bouquet of flowers from the Jewish community in Houston, and as time went on he discovered what Americans take for granted, that Americans of all faiths benefit from medical services provided by Protestant hospitals, secure in the knowledge that not only will their religious needs be taken care of but even the dietary rules of their faith will be observed.

We work too hard to make our praying conform to what we think prayer should be. The Rev. Jeanette Struchen believes our prayers should be plain talk and frequent, without stalling for proper words or acceptable posture.

Prayers to Pray Wherever You Are (Lippincott, $2.50) shows that she practices what she preaches. Mrs. Struchen, who is an ordained elder in The United Methodist Church, teaches school by day, writes books by night. "For fun I interior decorate," she says. "For necessity I cook . . . My greatest hangup is that life is holy, God is, peace is possible, and that, whether black, green, yellow, or purple, people are beautiful."

Called a child of the devil by his parents and sent away from home in Puerto Rico to his brother in New York City because they couldn't handle him, Nicky Cruz, violent and embittered, fought his way to the leadership of the Mau Maus, one of the most dreaded of that city's street gangs.

Then suddenly this 18-year-old who believed nobody loved him, not even his mother, was confronted by David Wilkerson, who kept insisting that Jesus did indeed love him. And the gang members could not put the young minister down. Quietly, and with great courage, he proved to them that he was sincere in wanting to minister to them. Now Nicky Cruz is helping him in this ministry, working in the ghetto with teen-agers who are like he used to be. He tells his story with the help of Jamie Buckingham in **Run Baby Run** (Logos International, $4.95). It is a dramatic, inspiring record of conversion.

In **Grant Takes Command** (Little, Brown, $10), Bruce Catton continues to write history as though it happened yesterday and he was there. This third volume of his extended biography of the Union general Lincoln chose to end the Civil War is a fascinating portrait of Ulysses S. Grant during the last year and a half of that war.

If you have a beginning reader at your house, and he is ready to take the next step up to words that are harder, but not too hard, he will be pleased with **Insects Do the Strangest Things** (Random House, $1.95). Leonora and Arthur Hornblow write about familiar backyard-type insects as well as others like dragonflies, silkworms, and termites, and Michael K. Frith's illustrations are bright and lively.

A small alarm bell rings in my head when I sight a motorcyclist on the road with me, and I think this feeling is shared by most drivers. Probably it is unjustified in most cases, but the cyclist can look like an inscrutable man from Mars if his helmet has a face mask. And in any case he looks terribly vulnerable and unprotected, which he is.

Youngsters who read **Motorcycling** (Morrow, $3.50) will have a good idea of the potentials and perils of the motorcycles and motor scooters they may ride. Author Charles Coombs covers all aspects of motorcycling, with a strong emphasis on safety, in this interesting Morrow Junior Book.

—*Helen Johnson*

Fiction

ONCE YOU HAVE read the Bible everything else that comes to your attention is placed under its scrutiny. This is particularly true for a fellow reviewing modern fiction for a church magazine. But I believe it is true also for any person who is a Christian.

This is both good and bad. It is good in that it provides a standard of judgment. It is bad because it makes so much modern stuff look so cheap and so repetitive.

A few years ago I reviewed *A Child Possessed* (New York: Harper & Row, 1964), a novel by R. C. Hutchinson describing the relationship between a father and his mentally retarded daughter. It was to me a contemporary example of the gospel and a parable about the love of God. I had a letter from Mr. Hutchinson about that review, and his comment has lifted up my heart ever since. He said he was glad somebody had understood what he was trying to do.

Now I turn to a book which affected me in a similar way. It is TELL ME THAT YOU LOVE ME, JUNIE MOON by Marjorie Kellogg *(Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.95)*. This is a first novel and while it falters a bit toward the end, still it is practically terrific. Three people cut off from their society by disease and sickness decide they might as well live together.

One is Junie Moon who has been horribly disfigured because a deranged lover threw acid in her face. The second is Arthur who has the best mind of the three but suffers from a "progressive neurological disease" which makes him lose control of his muscles when he gets excited. The third is Warren who lacks the character of the other two and has strong homosexual tendencies. He was shot in the spine while hunting with a friend and since that time has lived in a wheelchair. These three meet in a hospital and decide to live together when they leave and to establish a home for themselves.

Deep down in all these lives is a certain nobility of spirit and courage which makes a fellow proud that he belongs to the human race. Junie Moon especially has learned sympathy and understanding out of her suffering. Her first big task is to look at herself in a glass which takes almost more courage than she can possibly muster. She is a real heroine and the force which holds them together in an old, run-down house they rent with a banyan tree in the backyard and with a snoopy, mean neighbor who wants to run them out of the neighborhood. Arthur has real quality while Warren is just one of those persons we have to put up with.

Once again there is brought home to me the realization that courage, bravery, and decency are the most exciting things one finds in this world. To meet a good man or a good woman, after all the "seekers after some new interpretation of life and reason," is enough to restore faith in a fundamental human integrity which nothing can destroy. Here is the kind of folk that Jesus turned to as he told his critics that he came not to be ministered unto but to minister. These are those who need a physician.

The world is full of sickness and failure. No man the least bit sensitive to what is going on around him can take the day-by-day behavior of people easily. There is so much to discourage us and so much to reveal the phony and the crooked. But when one sees that unexcelled courage of a neighbor, he is redeemed and thanks God anew for the wonder of character and the greatness of personality. Thank you, Marjorie Kellogg, and tell me that you will keep writing.

When we turn to MOSBY'S MEMOIRS AND OTHER STORIES by Saul Bellow *(Viking, $5)*, we find ourselves in the world of character study and an only incidental plot. This is generally true of short stories and, indeed, one of the main criticisms of such writing is that it never gets anywhere. Here, however, is a series of people working out their problems according to their characters. It may be an old lady in Nevada or a scholar tracing down some long-lost manuscript mystery, but the main thing at the end is always the kind of persons they are and what they do with what they have to work with.

Saul Bellow is a fine writer. I have never forgotten *Herzog* with its analysis of a man who revealed both the strength and the weakness of our time. Here in much shorter space he gives us some people to think about and consider when we are looking at life in the late '60s. These people arouse our respect, our despair, and nearly always, our interest. The stories are a commentary on the seventh chapter of St. Paul's Letter to the Romans.

The older I grow the more I seem to lean in the direction of short stories. This can mean any number of things but to me it means primarily that life finally turns out to be molded according to our characters. This becomes an increasingly exciting thing to observe and try to understand. It is the old conflict between predestination and free will in theology, and it is almost an impossibility to deny the truth of either of those most significant elements. Once we feel the real quality of the characters involved, we will understand and retain interest. It is only when events do not quite fit the people he has described that we know something is wrong. This, of course, is what goes wrong so often in the movies.

It is noticeable that underneath Saul Bellow's writing there is always a sense of humor ready to break forth even when least expected by the situation. This means, I expect, that bubbling up out of the depths of man's life and experience there is joy. For this and other reasons I read Bellow with profit and pleasure. I hope you will, too.

—*GERALD KENNEDY*

Bishop, Los Angeles Area
The United Methodist Church

Think Smart, John Andrew

By Genevieve O'Halloran

JOHN Andrew Holt makes my mother nervous.

One time, the same day we got our couch back with a new cover on it, John Andrew sat down on it with gum on his pants.

And at my birthday party he dropped his chunk of chocolate cake upside down on a dining room chair.

Stuff like that makes Mom nervous.

"John Andrew Holt is here, I see," she says every Saturday morning, tracking the muddy sneaker prints across our living room carpet and up the stairs to my room. I guess since she sees them every Saturday she knows whose they are by now.

John Andrew's a real good guy, though. He's my best friend.

We write to each other in secret code and then call up on the phone

and work the secret messages out.

He comes up with some pretty good ideas sometimes. Like the time my mom got us locked out of our house.

Mom had gone up to the drugstore and taken my little brother Joey with her. They weren't gone very long, but John Andrew and I needed my catcher's mitt while they were gone.

Usually my mom leaves the back door unlocked for me but this time she didn't. John Andrew and I played with my dog Ted until we saw Mom and Joey coming down the street, and then I went to get the keys so we could get my catcher's mitt without waiting any longer.

My mom said, "I thought I had the keys with me." She felt in all her pockets.

"Have you got them, Joey?" He didn't. You can see right there she was getting upset because she never gives Joey anything she ever wants to see again.

"I thought sure I had them," she kept saying, even when there weren't any more places to look. "Are you sure both doors are locked?"

We said they were.

But we tried them again anyway, as if they'd somehow come open if we did it often enough. And then we stood around trying to decide what to do.

"We could get a key from Dad," I said.

"You know Dad's out of town until tomorrow," my mom said.

I did, but I forgot. It didn't help much to be reminded.

We stood around some more, looking up at the house.

"Me and Rob could climb in through a window," John Andrew offered after a while.

"There aren't any open," Mom said. "Besides the only one that doesn't have a screen on it is the one at the dining room," I said. "Maybe it's unlocked. I'll get the ladder."

"What's the ladder doing out?"

"I had to get a parachute off the front porch roof."

"It was my new one," John Andrew told her.

I ran and got the ladder and brought it around to the side of the house. Mom tried to get in through the bushes but a big heavy branch stuck straight into her. She backed out, all mussed up. "You go," she said.

I dragged the ladder into the bushes and leaned it up against the house. It sank a couple of inches into the mud. I climbed up and pushed hard at the dining room window.

"Locked, huh, Robbie?" John Andrew's head was just under my elbow. We got pretty muddy coming out of the bushes, but for once my mom didn't seem to notice.

John Andrew balanced along the edge of the patio like a tightrope walker.

"One time when my sister got locked in the bathroom, my dad took the door off the hinges," he said.

"We'd need a screw driver for that," I said.

"Yeah," John Andrew said.

He walked along a crack in the cement.

"My dad says we always think burglars are going to come in a house the same way we do, but they don't really," John Andrew remarked to no one in particular. "If I was a burglar I'd think up some real neat way."

"Like what?" I said.

"Remember that movie we saw on TV? The guy climbed up the drainpipe and went in the window," John Andrew said, squinting the length of the narrow drain beside us.

"It'd take a cat to climb that pipe," I said to him.

"I'd be a cat burglar," he said, jumping on my back and knocking us both over.

My mom had been clear around the house trying to figure a way to get in. "I guess about the only thing to do is break the glass in the door and reach in to unlock it from the inside."

"I'll get a rock," John Andrew offered promptly.

"Thanks a lot, John Andrew," said Mom. She sounded kind of funny.

"The first thing I'm going to do is to get another key made," Mom said for about the 50th time. "And the second thing is to have 'Remember the Key' tattooed on my forehead."

"Can we go with you?"

"To get a key?"

"To the tattooers."

"Oh, well, we'll see."

"We could go up to the drugstore now and get a key," John Andrew said. "So we'd be ready." His heels clunked against our trash can where he was sitting.

"What'd you say, John Andrew?" my mom asked all of a sudden.

"I just said me and Rob could go get a key at the drugstore now," he said.

"Wait here. Don't do anything. Watch Joey." My mom took off for the neighbors like a rocket. You never can tell about grown-ups.

John Andrew and Joey and I fooled around with Ted a while and pretty soon she came back.

"I phoned the drugstore. My keys are there. I left them on the counter." She laughed. "Hoo. Am I glad. Good thinking, John Andrew. Thanks a lot."

"That's OK," he said, and rubbed mud off his sneaker onto the back step.

"Will you two go get them for me?"

"Sure. Then we'll go to the tattooer's."

"I was just kidding about the tattoo."

"Yeah. I was afraid you were."

"You could go in business, John Andrew, thinking smart for people," I kidded him.

John Andrew grinned at me.

"I think I'd rather be a cat burglar," he said. □

What Are They?

Mine have eyes, but cannot see,
A tongue, but cannot talk,
And yet they're always with me
No matter where I walk.
Between the left one, and the right,
I really could not choose
Because I need them both you see,
*For they're my brand new _____.**

—Effie Stewart-Richmond

* Shoes.

Jottings

WE WOULD like to think that you noticed this column's absence from the contents page at the front of the magazine, a spot it has occupied for several years. We hope you have noticed other changes in TOGETHER this month—and that you like them.

Our new format is the product of many months of consultation and planning with Carl Regehr, a prominent Chicago designer. It is another step, we feel, in the direction that brought TOGETHER wide recognition as a trailblazer in church journalism when the first issue appeared in October, 1956.

Most noticeable, perhaps, is the new cover style, followed by certain type changes, a number of new department headings, and what we believe to be better picture display.

If you like our new dress—or if you don't—why not drop us a line?

With this issue, also, we mark the appearance of two new contributors who will be regulars in future issues. **James M. Wall**, editor of our companion magazine, CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, isn't exactly a new contributor, come to think of it. But with this issue he begins a column of film reviews and discussion to appear alternately with David O. Poindexter's popular TV column [page 21].

STAFF

Editorial Director: Ewing T. Wayland
Assistant Editorial Director: Curtis A. Chambers
Editor: Richard C. Underwood
Managing Editor: Paige Carlin
Art Editor: Robert C. Gass
Picture Editor: George P. Miller
News Editor: John A. Lovelace
Associate Editors: Newman Cryer, Helen Johnson, Martha A. Lane, Iro M. Mahler, Charles E. Munson, Herman B. Teeter, Willmon L. White
Assistants: Mary Finneran (news), Nadine Grotz (production), Sandra Leneau (research)
Contributing Editors: Gerald H. Kennedy, David O. Poindexter, James S. Thomas, James M. Wall, Dale White
Press & Church Relations: Herbert E. Longendorff
Business-Circulation Manager: Warren P. Clark
Advertising Manager: John H. Fisher
Promotion Manager: Lewis G. Akin
Fulfillment Manager: Jack I. Inman
Publisher: Lavick Pierce

Bishop **James S. Thomas** of the Iowa Area takes over *Your Faith* [page 45], the department conducted so capably for many years by Bishop **T. Otto Nall**, now retired. Bishop Thomas, a South Carolinian by birth, started out as an elementary school principal. He has been a preacher, a college chaplain, a seminary professor, and was an executive in the former Methodist Church's Board of Education before his election to the episcopacy in 1964. He has a Ph.D. degree from Cornell University (1953), is a trustee of Iowa Methodist Hospital, Gammon Theological Seminary, and five United Methodist-related colleges.

Out of hundreds of manuscripts that pour across our desks every month, we can expect that a score

Cozette and Cecil Guthrie

or more will pay loving tribute to a mother, father, grandparent, or some other person who helped shape the writer's life. We could not publish all of these, even if each were a masterpiece—which, of course, is seldom the case.

All this to the contrary, we think **James W. Guthrie**'s *What's Wrong With Father* [page 35] is an exceptional portrayal—as was his companion piece, *What's Wrong With Mother*, in last month's issue. We wanted to know more about him.

We found young Jim Guthrie by phone one early evening a few weeks ago at home in Albuquerque, N.Mex. He told us in a thin voice that he is a life-long invalid confined to a wheelchair, and that the models for his two articles are his own parents.

We asked for a photograph because we thought you would like to meet Cecil and Cozette Guthrie after reading their son's tributes to them. It seems clear they have had much to do with the fact that Jim is a valiant spirit whose severe handicap has not blunted his interest in life. He told us that he is interested in Oriental, Indian, and "outdoorsy" lore; that he enjoys almost every kind of music; likes rain, Japanese poetry, and literary creations ranging from Shakespeare's *Hamlet* to J. R. R. Tolkien's little *Hobbits*.

And of course it is obvious that he is pretty fond of his father and mother. The latter, by the way, is a second-grade teacher who transported her handicapped son to and from school until he left Sandia High in 1962. "To her sacrifices and stamina I owe everything," young Jim Guthrie says.

We talked also to the Rev. **Ernest E. Shumaker** about that baker's dozen of Indiana laymen who became a Congo work team last summer [see *They Were Missionaries—For Three Weeks*, page 50]. And if there is any one point members of the Hoosier work team would emphasize, it is the opportunity all United Methodist laymen have to organize such groups to lend a helping hand, with whatever practical skills they command, in mission areas throughout the world.

"No one thing outside of my marriage and the birth of my children has had such an impression on me as the three weeks I spent in the Congo," says **Rex Russell**, principal of the Fowler (Ind.) Elementary School. "Not a day passes that my trip doesn't come to mind."

And **Bill Leburg**, Fowler insurance agent, declares:

"As for the Congolese, I cannot say enough for their sincere love and compassion . . . their willingness to give what they have, even though it might not be much. We went to the Congo to give, but we received much more than we had to give."

—*Your Editors*

ILLUSTRATION CREDITS

Cover—Don Collinson • **Pages 1-S0-S1-S2-S3**—Don Collinson • **5**—Charles Lerrigo • **8-9-10**—Willmon L. White • **18**—RNS • **21**—Paramount Picture Corporation • **26 Top**—*The Rock Island Argus* • **44**—Woodcut by the Rev. Howard W. Ellis • **45**—David Penney • **S7**—From *1,029 Private Prayers for Worldly Christians* by G. A. Pattieboum and Joyce Winkel, courtesy of Pflaum Press • **2-3-6-7-14-27-31-32-33-34-65**—George P. Miller.

Along the way, she has found a quiet, green place where she would pause a while with those who have hardly begun the journey; for she has not forgotten, after 70 years, what it is to be a child.

Does she speak to them of books, fish, plants, flowers, and leprechauns? Is she telling them a Bible story? an adventure from her girlhood long ago and far away? or describing what it means to grow up and live many happy years with those you love?

It makes no difference, really. In this magic moment, their hearts and minds are in perfect harmony, one with the other. Hers is age and wisdom, theirs eager inquisitiveness and wonder. And who is to say which takes more away from this woodland rendezvous—she who would teach, or those who listen and learn?

Herman B. Teeter

Long Distance is reaching out and touching someone you love. It's the next best thing to being there.

YOUR ANYWHERE ANYTHING ANYTIME NETWORK

TOGETHER/NEWS EDITION

New Jersey Area

BISHOP
Prince A. Taylor, Jr.

EDITOR
The Rev. Paul N. Jewett, 26-28 Main St., Kingston, N.J. 08528

VOLUME 13, NUMBER 6 SUPPLEMENT TO TOGETHER JUNE, 1969

Judge Lauds Drew City Study, Fines Student

Conferences Meet in June

The 112th session of the Northern N.J. Annual Conference will be held in Baldwin Auditorium, Drew University, Madison, June 8 to 12.

Besides business meetings, workshops, and social events, four programs will delineate the theme: *The Ministry of Christ's People Today.* Bishop Taylor will be the Communion preacher, Sunday, at 7:30 p.m. Dean James M. Ault will speak at ordination service, Wednesday, at 8 p.m.

Camden's R. C. Bishop George H. Guilfoyle will preach Monday, at 8 p.m. A multimedia program is set for Tuesday night.

South Jersey clergy and laity meet again at Ocean City for their 133rd session June 18 to 22. Headline speakers include Houston's Bishop Kenneth W. Copeland, Thursday evening, and Dr. Ralph M. Holdeman, National Council's Evangelism Director, Friday, at 2 and 7:30 p.m. Bishop J. Gordon Howard is the ordination preacher Sunday afternoon, Bishop Taylor the morning service preacher. The Rev. Carl Halvorsen will present the Memorial Address.

A Bishop's Legacy

Christendom's senior bishop, and revered leader Herbert Welch, died on Good Friday at the age of 106.

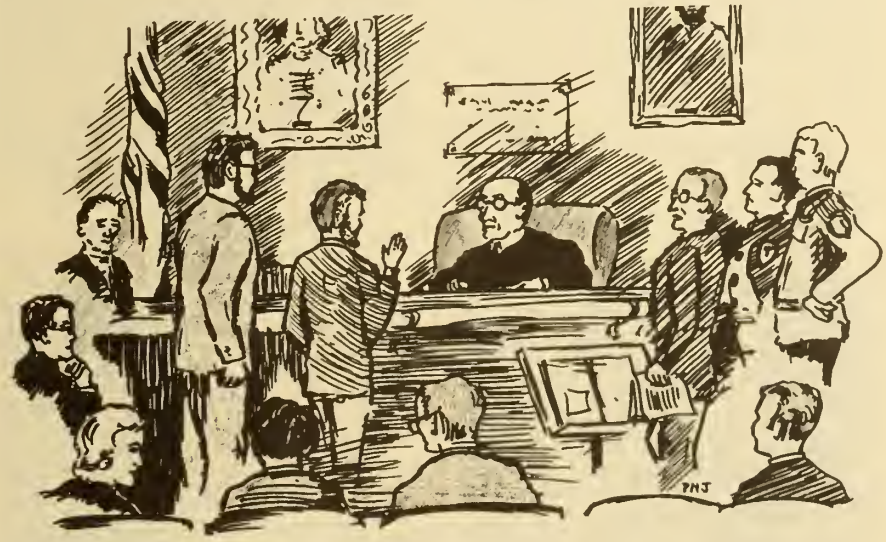
A "communique" to the current student body of his beloved Drew University may never be more relevant than it is this spring.

"On every side we are being admonished nowadays to recognize that ours is a new age and that it cries aloud for a new message and new methods.

"Without decrying the new, I want to suggest that keeping up to date does not involve throwing out of the window the accumulated wisdom of the centuries.

"By all means, learn the new words, read the new thinkers, try the new methods. But they may all prove to be something less than a blessing if they are used as a substitute rather than a supplement to the old." —*Herbert Welch '90*

(From New Providence Circuit Rider)



Artist's conception of Paterson, N.J., Municipal Court during pretrial hearing April 16. Standing, l. to r.: John Gilbert, Joseph Heilman (taking oath), prosecutor Robert Pine and police officers. Presiding judge, center, is the Hon. Henry Riccobene. Seated in first row of crowded courtroom, l. to r.: Prof. Nelle Morton; Dean James M. Ault; field work director, Dr. Bruce Barrabee; the Rev. Max Tow. Not shown are defense attorneys Martin Kayne and Dennis J. Cummins, Jr. (Photographs not permitted.)

Drew Theological School students have every right to learn about urban problems by involvement in the life of Paterson, Municipal Judge Henry Riccobene affirmed to a packed courtroom, April 16.

A week later, however, he concluded that seminarian John Gilbert, 23, exceeded his rights by attempting to rescue a camera —just used to film patrolmen charging demonstrators—and fined him $100. Mr. Gilbert was cleared of charges of assault and battery, still standing against fellow student Joseph Heilman, badly beaten in the fracas.

Mr. Gilbert is appealing to Superior Court and Mr. Heilman's friends feel confident the "evidence" against him will turn out to be as unfounded as that against John. Two "straws in the wind": Mr. Gilbert's accuser didn't show up to defend his charges, and Mr. Heilman's accuser shaved off his moustache before facing witnesses.

'Collision Course'

Both men were in Paterson, March 11, with other enrollees in religious education course 575-S, a seminar in "Learning in the Christian Fellowship." Initiated in September by associate professor, Nelle Morton—partly in response to suggestions by the Passaic County Grand Jury following riots last July—the seminar has turned out to be a "collision course."

Drew's Dean James M. Ault, drew agreement from Judge Riccobene that classroom and library deserved practical follow-up through experiences in the city.

President Robert F. Oxnam has assured Mayor Kramer that Drew was no "outsider" but a responsible institution upholding law and order—insisting on justice. The N.J. Council of Churches agrees.

Demands and Discontent

Two days of black student sit-ins at 2,150-pupil Eastside High School had pointed up imminent conflict over "demands" familiar to educators all over the country, and frustration familiar to students all over the country.

Sympathizers milled about outside, increasingly hostile. A disciplined picket line, including seminarians, was only demonstrating sympathy with black ambitions. Suddenly most of the officers charged the school, while a few concentrated on Mr. Heilman, then Mr. Gilbert —and that camera.

GUEST EDITORIAL

Dr. Buck

Extending the Church

After a varied and productive career in several pastorates, city work, the district superintendency, and nine years heading the Southern N.J. Conference missions program, Dr. Franklin T. Buck is retiring this month. TANE's *editor invited this writing as an appraisal of some vital phase of witness in the SNJ Conference.*

In the past decade many changes have come to the Mission Program in the Southern New Jersey Annual Conference. These began with the inception of **Methodist Dollars for Christ,** a program to bring financial resources to many of the needs of our conference. This was followed in the next quadrennium by **The Future is Now,** and at present time these funds are in the World Service budget. I shall deal with only one phase of our enlarged conference program—that of Church Extension.

Our forefathers established one-room churches in most hamlets and villages south of the Raritan. We face in most cases not the establishment of new churches as new organizations, but the expansion of small, one-room church buildings to adequate church plants that will care for the needs of the rapidly growing congregations.

Instead of appropriating great sums of money and only being able to build a few needed buildings, this conference through its Board of Missions has pursued a policy of what has been called, for the want of a better name, **pump priming.** Small churches in need of enlarged facilities have been appropriated a sum of money conditionally that they would conduct financial campaigns for new church buildings involving an indebtedness that could be paid off in 10 years or less.

There are in existence today a number of fine examples where modest sums have been spent in adequate buildings following very much what has been known to past generations as a modified "Akron Plan" style of church building. This has enabled a small size sanctuary with the rear wall a modern fold door where a room normally the size of the sanctuary would be a multipurpose area. This can be used for a fellowship hall, church school classes, organizational meetings in the church, and when necessary an expansion area for worship services that in most cases has nearly doubled the seating capacity of the church.

Each year the statement is made that we have now reached the place where the necessity of new buildings will taper off only to find at the end of the year the needs are greater than at the beginning. In my judgment, Southern New Jersey will face this for the next 20 years, and it will be necessary for us to enlarge our giving to these worthy projects if we are to be true to the teachings of our forefathers in establishing houses of worship for our day.

This form of economy in not building great cathedrals enables the church to put far greater sums into programs than into buildings.

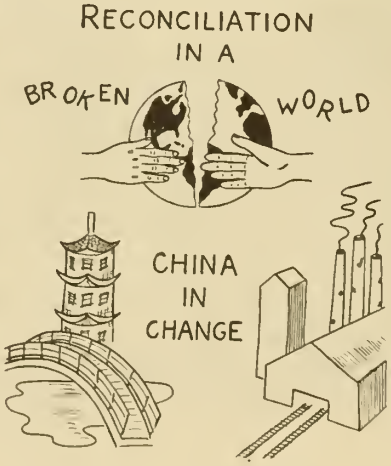
—Franklin T. Buck

NNJ Boards Set School

Mr. Lanning

Mr. Pfahler

Six boards of the North Jersey Conference announce a cooperative School of Christian Mission at Drew University, June 27 to July 2. Attendance full time or evenings only is optional. The Rev. Dean Lanning leads the Bible hour. The Rev. John Pfahler is chairman of the conference Board of Missions.



SCHOOL OF CHRISTIAN MISSION

Northern New Jersey Conference

The United Methodist Church

Bishops Commend Youth

Two former editors, Bishop Prince A. Taylor, Jr., and Bishop T. O. Nall (Hong Kong-Taiwan Area) have a chat in Charleston.

There is no reason, United Methodist bishops have decided, for the church to lose its balance over the "generation gap."

Meeting in Charleston, W.Va., April 8 to 10, the Council of Bishops indicated understanding young people as one of today's priorities. Others were the use of public funds for private and parochial education, world hunger in the face of affluence and the spending of billions on armaments, and—an item of concern to United Methodists—conclusion of agreements by the Publishing House to join Project Equality.

Noting that "generational conflict often has been more creative than destructive," the bishops urged churchmen "to distinguish between violent anarchy and flagrant immorality . . . and constructive protest and honest searching for standards of morality."

They further suggested finding ways for youth and maturity to exchange ideas and experiences, and for young people to share in the church's decision-making.

Ways to Fight Hunger

Two means of combating starvation and malnutrition—in addition to sharing food and cutting back on military spending—were seen to be the development of world trade and aid policies, and "responsible family planning."

The bishops approved recent naming of a special committee to resume negotiations for getting the massive Publishing House into Project Equality. Bishop Reuben H. Mueller is new president of the council.

JUNE, 1969 Vol. 13, No. 6
Supplement to TOGETHER, an official organ of The United Methodist Church, issued monthly by The Methodist Publishing House, 201 Eighth Avenue, South, Nashville, Tenn. 37203. Publisher: Lovick Pierce.

Subscriptions: $5 a year in advance, single copy 50 cents. TOGETHER CHURCH PLAN subscriptions through United Methodist churches are $3.00 per year, cash in advance, or 75 cents per quarter, billed quarterly.

Second-class postage has been paid in Nashville, Tenn.

Camden: For Our Good—Problem Without a Bypass

North Camden St., is stage for symbolic drama: After wild dash to help, lawmen gently secure elderly heart victim. Haunting question: Are they in time?

City Still a Stopover on Way to Freedom

During the Civil War, Camden and Haddonfield were important stops on the underground railroad for runaway slaves. Some would claim that they still are.

In one case city-dwellers strive for education, jobs, and a voice in their destiny. In the other case churchmen of several suburbs involve themselves in that struggle as part of their own soul-freedom.

For a century after William Cooper arrived in 1681 the place was called "Cooper's Ferry." Irish Quakers were the first settlers.

Although the Rev. Jacob Cooper named a 40-acre plot Camden to honor Charles Pratt, First Earl of Camden—and one of the earliest English civil rights advocates—not many others called the place Camden for another 50 years.

From a population of 1,143 in 1828, when it was a ferry-site for farmers and bog-iron makers headed across to Philadelphia for serious business, and big-towners coming the opposite way to Jersey's taverns, dance halls, and raceways, the city has grown to a slow-slipping 110,000 (est.) in 1969. Much of the increase has been paced by growing industry with such trade names as Esterbrook Pens, Campbell Soup, the N.Y. Shipbuilding Co., Victor "Talking Machines" and R.C.A.

Methodism entered the scene in 1809, when the Rev. Richard Sneath organized a class of seven, with assistance from a St. George's, Philadelphia, layman, James Duer. First Church also launched Broadway in 1849, and Union, later linked with Kaign and Trinity and renamed last year Bergen Square.

Other congregations were Bethel in 1815; Centenary and Tabernacle, 1866 and 1857; and Asbury—first called Harmony—in 1869. Fairview in 1886 was followed by State Street in 1890. (The latter had begun as a Sunday school in a paint shop.)

St. George's (1893) and Wesley (1894) were joined in 1954. Meetings in a rented room up over a 5¢ and 10¢ store resulted in the Fairview Village Church in 1920.

Ferry Avenue was transferred into the SNJ Conference from the Delaware Conference in 1965.

Programs People-Pointed

United Methodists of South Jersey have decided that—however great the inconvenience—it's probably a good thing that they can't bypass Camden. Passing through it, and going through its history, is a learning experience.

Dr. Atkinson

Under the leadership of the Rev. Lawrence G. Atkinson, district superintendent, programs sponsored by the Board of Missions and by the church society and suburban congregations have enabled some churches to become more relevant to human need than might have been the case "on their own."

A score of activities, ranging from handicrafts to Bible study, are carried on at Broadway, Centenary-Tabernacle, State Street, the Deaconess' Community Center, and Goodwill Industries.

Haddonfield parishioners provide a Minister of Mission to work with the Pyne Poynt Community Council in North Camden.

In addition, the usual programs of worship, education, and fellowship, are vigorous in several churches, whose main ministry in the city is at least to remain faithful, "having done all, to stand."

New project at Broadway is the Day Care Center. Supervisor Mrs. Josephine Gantt calls signals for a slightly ragged line.

LEAVES OF TRASH

"I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey-work of the stars . . ."

—From "Song of Myself" in "Leaves of Grass"

House of poet Walt Whitman at 330 Mickle St., is subject for deep reflection by even a lowly mud puddle.

Three Singers do not a quartet make, but sew what? Volunteer instructor at Deaconess Center, standing, is Mrs. Lowell Patterson.

With City Hall looking over its shoulder, faith-fortress Centenary-Tabernacle reminds Methodism of its ancient strength.

NEWSMAKERS: SUMMER '69

Dr. Loesch

Miss Peterson

Mr. Smith

Mrs. Orvik

Haddonfield's laymen **Earl B. Hall** and **George Reeves** were named "Churchmen of the Year" by the Haddonfield Council of Churches.

Hope Harron, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Harron, of Leonia, NNJ, has been awarded a grant from the French government to teach English in France next year.

Feeling flighty were eight people who went along on a United Methodist Travel Seminar to the Caribbean with **Dr. Warren A. Loesch** of Montclair, who helped them get ready for the study theme: "The Americas—How Many Worlds?"

One of the founding members of recently formed Black Academy of Arts is president of Actor's Equity **Frederick O'Neal. Mrs. Charlotte O'Neal** is administrative assistant for UM Commission on Public Relations.

Guest speaker at Calvary Church, East Orange, was **Dr. Robert F. Lundy**, former Methodist Missionary Bishop of the SE Asia Central Conference.

Another Leonian (!) is **Jeff Dumansky**, who just became national wrestling champion for high schoolers in his weight class.

Representing Methodist Hospital of Philadelphia at the State Mock Convention of Student Nurses' Association was **Betsy Peterson** of Marmora, N.J.—and graduate of Ocean City High School.

Ural Roundtree of Westfield, as member of his church's missions commission, went on the town's Community Development Corp., to work on some blighted housing conditions in that suburb.

At the National Convocation on Worship in St. Louis, a seminar on "Contemporary Acts of Worship" was led by NNJ clergyman **David J. Bort. The Rev. William Burns** of Maplewood, also attending, heard a choir of 500 persons sing one of his anthems at the closing service.

Judy Weasner of Pennington was selected "Miss Mercer County Community College."

When Roselle Park's pastor, **Roger L. Smith**, a United Methodist, appeared as guest speaker before the Holy Name Society of the Church of the Assumption, they surprised him with an honorary membership and floored him with a check for $500 for his church's building fund.

Nominated for listing in the 1970 edition of *The Blue Book* honoring professional leaders throughout Great Britain, the British Commonwealth, and the U.S. is **Dr. Edward W. Seay**, president of Centenary College for Women.

Because she's smart enough to be associate dean of students at Drew College of Liberal Arts, and because this column needs all the beauty we can find, **Mrs. Sue Draisin Orvik** concludes the month's list with finesse.

BIRTHDAY PARTY

Feted by 200 at Passaic, Miss Harriet Crowell happily joins "Gay Nineties" surrounded by pastor, Alden Smith, and friends.

Landmark Makes Way

The oldest building at Methodist Hospital of Philadelphia (below), long a landmark on South Broad St., was slated for major surgery last month—in fact, removal.

Built in 1892 as the first building on the hospital property, the "A-Building" has housed patients and administrative offices of the hospital through the past 77 years.

A new entrance on Broad St. (below, left) will be constructed where the Tower now stands.

Many residents of South Philadelphia are a bit unhappy to see it go. Announced plans for the new structure, however, and attractive pictures of it, make the replacement and the imminent official opening something to look forward to.

Old Tower, or "A-Building" goes tumbling down, as building program moves ahead.